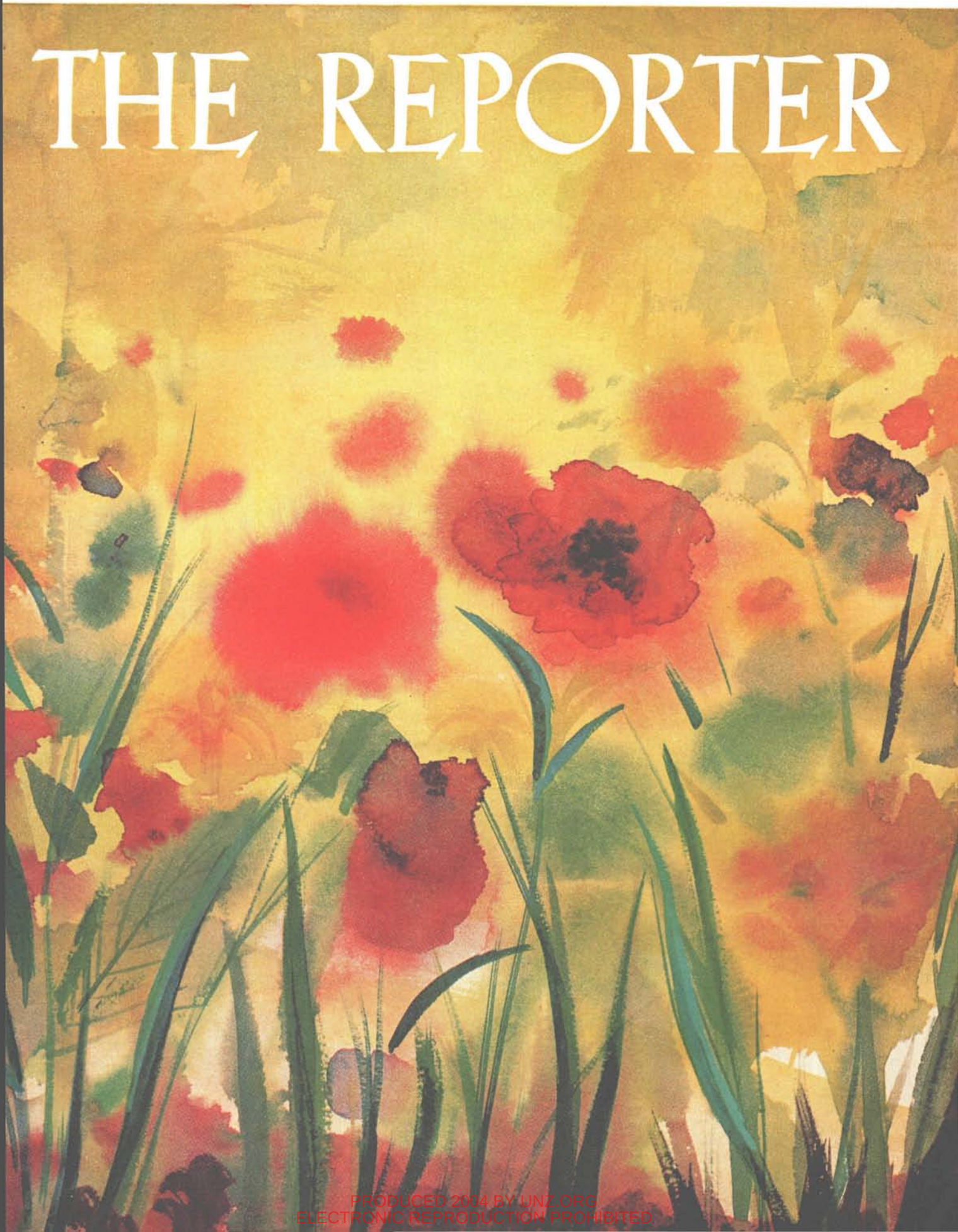
A Fable by Vladimir Dudintsev

May 26, 1960 25¢

THE FIGHT OVER THE FORAND BILL

THE REPORTER



PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Significant Spring books from MINNESOTA

THE ONGOING STATE UNIVERSITY

by James Lewis Morrill, *President, University of Minnesota.* Where does responsibility for academic freedom in a state university lie? What place is there for religion, athletics, community service, alumni activities? The retiring president of one of the world's largest universities looks at the role such universities *have* played in America, and gives his philosophy of the future challenge of higher education. $3.50

ANNA LIVIA PLURABELLE

THE MAKING OF A CHAPTER

by Fred Higginson. Traces the development of a famous chapter in James Joyce's *Finnegans Wake,* presenting all extant drafts condensed into six texts. $3.75

POLITICS IN MINNESOTA

by G. Theodore Mitau. The first single, easily available source of information about Minnesota political life, past and present. Includes information on outstanding political figures, major interest groups, basic political issues. Paperbound. $1.95

STUDIES IN AMERICAN CULTURE

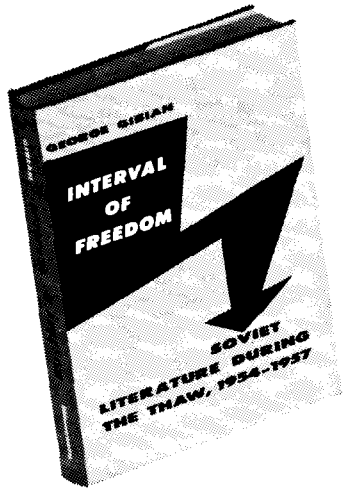
DOMINANT IDEAS AND IMAGES

edited by Joseph J. Kwiat and Mary C. Turpie. Sixteen contributors discuss and demonstrate the American studies concept. "Many fresh insights and appraisals."—*American Quarterly.* $4.75

VOCABULARY OF MODERN SPOKEN GREEK

by Donald C. Swanson. A practical dictionary with English-Greek and Greek-English sections and information on the history, structure, orthography, and pronunciation of modern Greek. Flexible cover and convenient carrying size. $5.00

INTERVAL OF FREEDOM



SOVIET LITERATURE DURING THE THAW, 1954-1957

by George Gibian. From the death of Stalin to the aftermath of the Hungarian uprising, Soviet authors enjoyed comparative freedom. In this volume the author examines the work of nearly a score of modern Russian writers during this "thaw." The result is a book illuminating from social and political as well as literary viewpoints. $4.25

Three new titles in the series of
UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA PAMPHLETS ON AMERICAN WRITERS —
edited by William Van O'Connor, Allen Tate, and Robert Penn Warren

HENRY JAMES by Leon Edel 65c
MARK TWAIN by Lewis Leary 65c
THOMAS WOLFE by C. Hugh Holman 65c

Previously published —

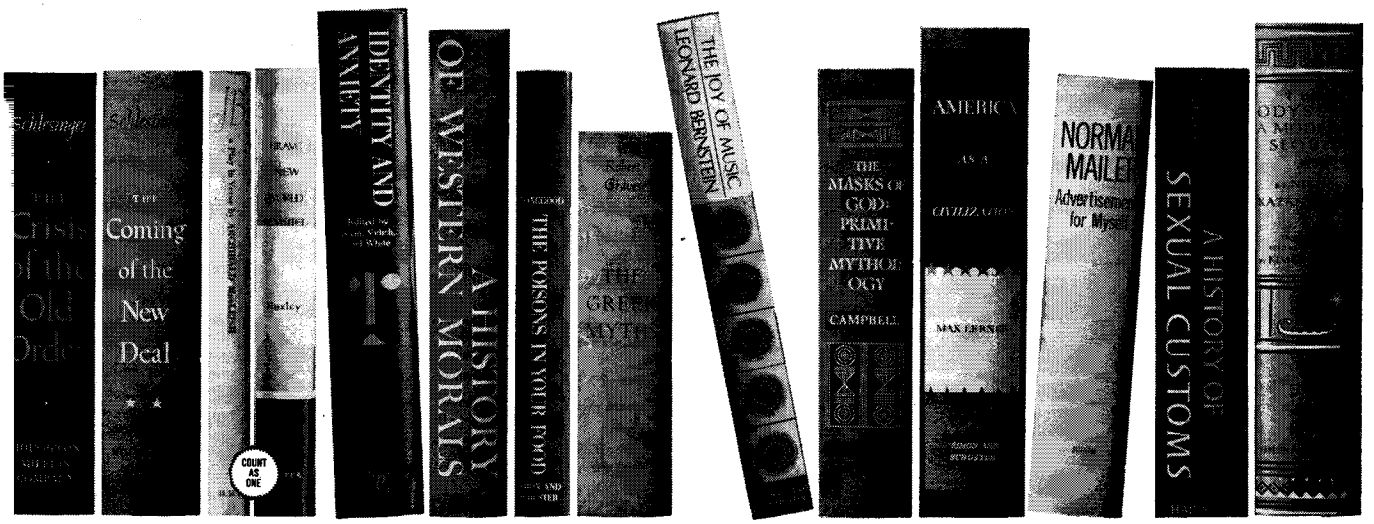
ERNEST HEMINGWAY by Philip Young 65c
ROBERT FROST by Lawrance Thompson 65c
WILLIAM FAULKNER by William Van O'Connor 65c

At your bookstore or from

THE UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA PRESS
Minneapolis 14, Minnesota

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Selections make the difference!



ee • Mead • da Vinci • Koestler • O'Casey • Faulkner • Reik • Mills • James • Whitehead • Pasternak • Huxley • Thurber • Galbraith • Wilson • Djilas • Perelman • Suzuki •
mmager • Dostoievski • Montagu • Yourcenar • Sandburg • Neutra • Moravia • Wright • Kahler • Muller • Saroyan • McCarthy • Maurois • Freud • West • Friedel • Krutch • Burke

ook at the selections the Book Find Club has offered its members in recent months—and directly below them at the partial list of authors whose works have been vailable to members at substantial savings. The selections of the Book Find Club **are** different. You will recognize them as works of current interest and of sting value—solid, readable books that range from social science to the fine arts.

hese are only a few from the outstanding list of more than 100 books and records that the Book Find Club will make available to you as a member if you join ow. As an introductory offer, to acquaint you with the benefits and privileges of membership, we invite you to choose any three of the selections pictured above r only $1 each.

Take any three for $1 each

VERAGE SAVINGS OF 40%

a member you will regularly enjoy savings of 40% on the books you take. Furthermore, on rtain choices your savings will reach and even exceed 50%. Compare the prices of the books ted below. Your savings on this introductory offer alone can amount to as much as $24.50.

ONUS BOOKS

addition to the appreciable savings you will enjoy on each of your selections, after every urth selection you will receive a valuable bonus book without charge, of the same high ality as your selections.

The Crisis of the Old Order, Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr. Retail $6.00. Member's price $4.50.

The Coming of the New Deal, Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr. Retail $6.75. Member's price $4.75.

J.B., Archibald MacLeish; *and* **Brave New World Revisited,** Aldous Huxley. Combined retail price $6.50. Member's price (for both books) $4.50.

Identity and Anxiety: Survival of the Person in Mass Society, edited by Maurice Stein, Arthur Vidich, and David Manning White. A massive compendium of studies by Margaret Mead, C. Wright Mills, Rollo May, Frieda Fromm-Reichmann, Harvey Swados, George Orwell, Harold Rosenberg, I. A. Richards, Geoffrey Gorer, C. M. Bowra, Irving Howe, Karl Jaspers, and more. Retail $7.50. Member's price $4.75.

A History of Western Morals, Crane Brinton. Controversial conclusions about Western morality. Retail $7.50. Member's price $4.50.

The Poisons in Your Food, William Longgood. Fully documented with incontrovertible facts and alarming conclusions. Retail $3.95. Member's price $2.75.

The Greek Myths, Robert Graves. Retail $5.00. Member's price $3.75.

The Joy of Music, Leonard Bernstein. Retail $5.95. Member's price $3.95.

The Masks of God: Primitive Mythology, Joseph Campbell. "A history-making synthesis of science and imagination—comparable to 'The Origin of the Species' and 'The Golden Bough.' "—Lewis Gannett. Retail $6.00. Member's price $4.50.

America as a Civilization, Max Lerner. Retail $10.00. Member's price $4.95.

Advertisements for Myself, Norman Mailer. "Reveals how exciting, yet tragic, America can be for a gifted writer. A remarkable performance." Alfred Kazin. Retail $5.00. Member's price $3.75.

A History of Sexual Customs, Dr. Richard Lewinsohn. Retail $5.95. Member's price $4.50.

The Odyssey: A Modern Sequel, Nikos Kazantzakis. "Superb. One of the great literary contributions of our time."—N. Y. Times. Retail $10.00. Member's price $5.95.

✂ **Two books counting as one selection.**

The Book Find Club

215 Park Avenue South, New York 3, N. Y.

Please enroll me as a member of the Book Find Club and send me for only $1 each (plus postage and handling) the three selections that I have indicated. I agree to buy at least five additional selections—or alternates—in the next twelve months, with the understanding that I am to receive a **free bonus book** after my fourth such purchase. I am to receive each month without charge the **Book Find News** containing an authoritative review of the forthcoming selection and descriptions of all other books available to me at special member's prices. This will enable me to make my own choice: if I do not want the selection announced I can return your form saying "send me nothing" or use it to order another book from the more than 100 current choice titles offered. I may cancel my membership at any time after purchasing five selections or alternates.

Save the cost of postage and handling of your introductory offer by enclosing check or money order.

- ☐ **The Crisis of the Old Order**
- ☐ **The Coming of the New Deal**
- *☐ **J.B.** *and* **Brave New World Revisited**
- ☐ **Identity and Anxiety**
- ☐ **A History of Western Morals**
- ☐ **The Poisons in Your Food**
- ☐ **The Greek Myths**
- ☐ **The Joy of Music**
- ☐ **The Masks of God: Primitive Mythology**
- ☐ **America as a Civilization**
- ☐ **Advertisements for Myself**
- ☐ **A History of Sexual Customs**
- ☐ **The Odyssey: A Modern Sequel**

Mr.
Mrs.
Miss ..... Please print your full name

Address .....

City ..... Zone ..... State .....

(Same offer in Canada. Address: 105 Bond St., Toronto 2, Ont.)

B60-57

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE REPORTER'S NOTES

West Virginia Aftermath

No doubt about it, primaries are useful if only to measure the marvelous imprecision of all our political measuring devices. But it does get a bit tiresome listening to the pollsters giving post-mortems on why their statistics gathered a few days ahead of the voting date did not take account of last-minute "shifts." Some shift in West Virginia! We have grown weary, too, of all those "veteran" correspondents who wrote stories as if Senator Kennedy's religion was the only matter of interest to the people of that state. Or maybe we should accept the morning-after excuse offered by one reporter who remarked, "It just proves you can't trust bigots!"

Kennedy did the impossible in West Virginia, and his feat was all the more impressive because everybody in the know turned out to be dead wrong. (Including Kennedy himself, who was either wrong in his own estimate or played a most convincing game of underdoggery.) In a county like McDowell, where the twin ills of poverty and religious fanaticism were reportedly most rampant, the rich Catholic polled five times as many votes as the poor Protestant. If Humphrey's poor showing proved anything, it proved that the visceral politics of a bygone era is no longer a salable commodity even to impoverished coal miners.

But what did Kennedy's overwhelming victory prove? The pros in Washington are as usual full of explanations. They credit Kennedy's "image," his "organization," and his "money," not necessarily in that order. They claim he waged a "faultless" campaign. The young Massachusetts senator is credited with a shrewdness that is incapable of making mistakes.

And already the calliope is being cranked furiously by many who were prepared to celebrate Kennedy's wake only a short time ago. Rumors are rife: Michigan, New Jersey, and California are ready to break for Kennedy. Stevenson is prepared to climb on board the band wagon, reportedly, if assured a seat as Secretary of State. (A somewhat contradictory report claims that Stevenson would never bargain his influence for a job.)

Perhaps the most interesting of the background noise has emanated from the Vice-President's office. With a prescience nobody else displayed, Mr. Nixon let it be known several days before the West Virginia primary that he was "reshaping" his campaign plans on the theory that Kennedy would win both the primary and the nomination. Mr. Nixon's press secretary, Herbert G. Klein, didn't make too clear what this reshaping involved except that the "big effort" would start in September and that "we expect to use jets, jet-props, trains, and automobiles." This news got front-page billing in a number of newspapers.

Perhaps Mr. Nixon is as knowledgeable about the Democratic choice as about the Republican. Perhaps the race within each party has already gone to the young and swift. Certainly this is the present estimate of a great many political experts. As for us, we have learned that one of the reasons politics is unpredictable is that so many experts are all the time making predictions.

It Happened in Nashville

The lunch was a late one. At three, when the crowds had gone and the streets were almost deserted, the Nashville merchants checked their watches, and soon the Negroes by prearrangement entered the stores, sat down, and were served at lunch counters until then reserved for whites only. The Negroes were carefully chosen, middle-class, well-dressed, well-mannered. They were on their best behavior. So were the storekeepers. At the ends of the counters, trying to look like ordinary customers, were plain-clothes police.

There was nothing outwardly dramatic about the scene. "How much," asked one reporter, "can you write about a mother and a child eating a hamburger?" Said one of the merchants: "I hope we're out of it. If we aren't, I just don't know what."

When the merchants had first refused the Negroes at the counters earlier this year, they disclaimed prejudice. "We are here to make money," the head of one store said, "frankly we don't care for this in-

CHAIRMAN OF THE BARD

"Robert Frost Asks Senators to Back Culture Academy . . . 'I want our poets to be declared equal to . . . big business.'"—New York Times.

How tell a people that a poet's vision
Can make them richer than a million stocks,
Or prove with any measure of precision
That verses are more golden than Fort Knox?

No senator will see the sense in that,
Nor will a poet who is worth his rhyme
Expect a businessman to doff his hat
To men who put no price upon their time.

—SEC

THE REPORTER, May 26, 1960, Volume 22, No. 11. Second-class postage paid at New York, New York, and at Dayton, Ohio. Published every other Thursday except for omission of two summer issues by The Reporter Magazine Company, 660 Madison Avenue, New York 21, N. Y. © 1960 by The Reporter Magazine Company. All rights reserved under Pan-American Copyright Convention. Subscription prices, United States, Canada, U.S. Possessions and Pan American Union: One year $6, Two years $9.50, Three years $12. All other countries: One year $7, Two years $11.50, Three years $15. Please give four weeks' notice when changing address, giving old and new address. Send notice of undelivered copies on Form 3579 to: The Reporter, McCall St., Dayton 1, Ohio. Indexed in *Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature* and *Public Affairs Information Service.*

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

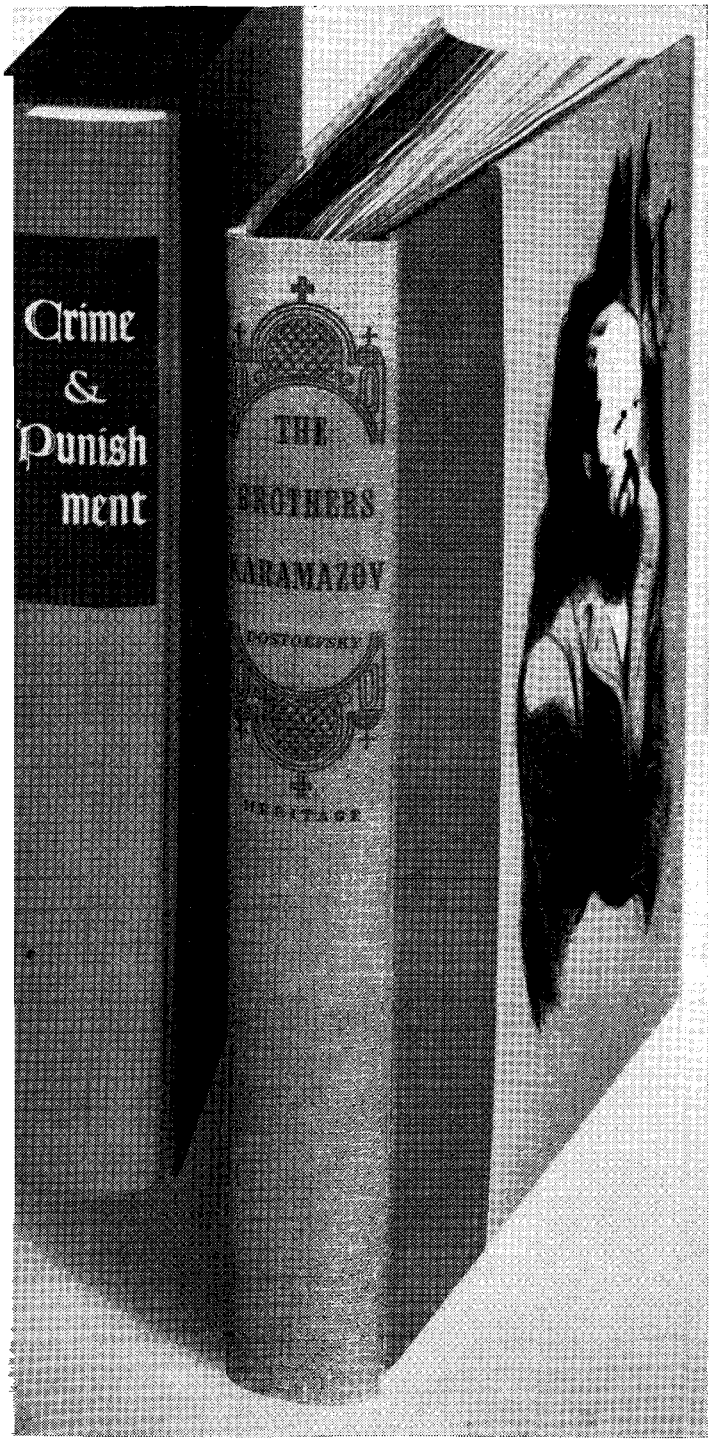
Both Free!

with *new* membership in

THE HERITAGE CLUB's

Twenty-fifth Anniversary Series

of beautiful, *beautiful* books



NO OTHER WRITER, PAST OR PRESENT, has ever succeeded in surpassing the power and passion of Fyodor Dostoevsky. No other writer has ever had his brilliant insight into the depths of the human soul. Now his two greatest masterpieces can be yours, FREE!

Both of these books are illustrated by one of the truly great illustrators alive in the world today, Fritz Eichenberg. For *Crime and Punishment,* Mr. Eichenberg worked in the wood and produced a remarkable series of engravings. For *The Brothers Karamazov* he provided an equally remarkable series of lithographs — nearly fifty illustrations, all drawn on the stones!

BOTH OF THESE HANDSOME slipcased volumes will be presented to you if you obtain a *new* membership in The Heritage Club's Twenty-fifth Anniversary Series — a gala event which will bring you twelve of the most beautiful books in the Club's history! Each Heritage edition is designed by a foremost typographer, illustrated by a distinguished artist, printed on fine quality paper by skilled craftsmen, and handsomely bound and boxed. And — the membership price per volume: $3.95— *or only $3.55 if payment is made in advance!*

IF YOU ACCEPT OUR INVITATION and enroll in the Club: AT ONCE you will receive Aristophanes: *The Birds* and *The Frogs.* Both of these celebrated plays in a handsome, apposite volume printed *dos-à-dos* (back-to-back). *The Birds* delightfully illustrated with drawings by Marian Parry and *The Frogs* with wondrous wood-engravings by John Austen. And, along with it, your FREE copies of *Crime and Punishment* and *The Brothers Karamazov.* Then one volume each month for the next eleven months. These will be:

Ben-Hur, powerfully illustrated by Joe Mugnaini; Victor Hugo's monumental *Les Misérables,* with five hundred drawings by Lynd Ward (TWO VOLUMES); London's *The Call of the Wild,* illustrated with water-color paintings by Henry Varnum Poor; Cooper's *The Deerslayer,* illustrated by Edward A. Wilson; *The Nibelungenlied,* with imaginative color drawings by Edy Legrand; *Quo Vadis?,* illustrated by Salvatore Fiume; Ovid's *The Metamorphoses,* illustrated by the internationally famous artist, Hans Erni. And . . . profusely illustrated editions of Max Beerbohm's *Zuleika Dobson;* Turgenev's *Fathers and Sons;* and Wilkie Collins' *The Moonstone.*

IN THE UNLIKELY event that you do not desire one or more of these books, in the Club's Prospectus (mailed to you when the first three books are shipped) you are given a list of two dozen Heritage books from which you may select substitutes. A few of the titles: *The Three Musketeers, Lord Jim, The Plays of William Shakespeare . . .*

Never before has a more exciting program been offered to book buyers. Mail the coupon and judge the truth of this statement for yourself. Please act *promptly!*

Reservation Coupon

THE HERITAGE CLUB
595 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK 22

Please send me ARISTOPHANES: THE BIRDS and THE FROGS, CRIME & PUNISHMENT, and THE BROTHERS KARAMAZOV *(ALL THREE FOR $3.95),* together with a copy of the Prospectus from which I may select the other books on my *new* membership and a method of payment. I understand that if I decide not to accept membership I may return the books within ten days.

NAME _____ (PLEASE PRINT)

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ ZONE _____ STATE _____ R-25

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

an olive won't
but
TRIBUNO will*
EXTRA DRY for MARTINIS
TRIBUNO
VERMOUTH
DRY FOR PERFECT DRY MARTINIS
*. . . make the perfect martini because it's the vermouth made extra dry to satisfy the Martini wise.
And for manhattans use Tribuno Sweet Vermouth [or Extra Dry for dry manhattan devotees.]
"21" Brands, Inc. N.Y.C. • Sole agents in the U.S.A.

An encyclopedic survey of Eastern cultures, compiled and interpreted for today's readers

Introduction to Oriental Civilizations

WM. THEODORE DE BARY
General Editor

SOURCES OF JAPANESE TRADITION
"The richest and most skillfully selected of source materials."
—*Books from the U.S.A.* $7.50

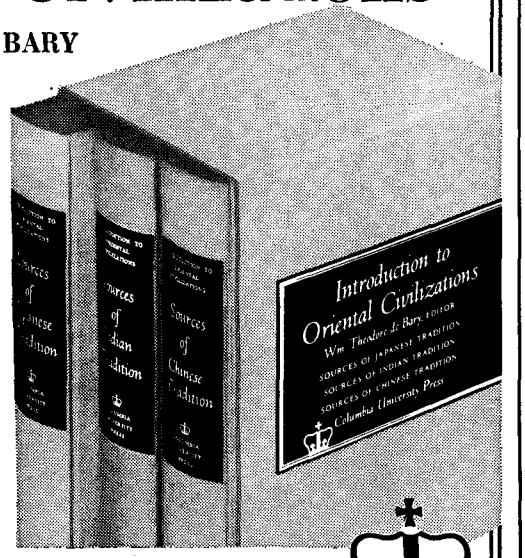
SOURCES OF INDIAN TRADITION
"A marvelous accomplishment."
—*The Asian Student* $7.50

SOURCES OF CHINESE TRADITION
A far-ranging collection representing every aspect of Chinese culture. Coming June 27. $7.50

Special offer

The complete three volume set, handsomely boxed at a special price of $18.00 on orders placed before June 27*. Reserve your set at your bookstore this week. Regular set price $22.50.

*publication date of Vol. III


Introduction to Oriental Civilizations
Wm. Theodore de Bary, Editor
SOURCES OF JAPANESE TRADITION
SOURCES OF INDIAN TRADITION
SOURCES OF CHINESE TRADITION
Columbia University Press

from the publishers of
THE COLUMBIA ENCYCLOPEDIA

COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY PRESS

tegration-segregation thing." They turned down request after request of the Negro students for service. It was only after 143 Negroes had been arrested that the Negroes started the boycott.

In early April a compromise attempt by a biracial committee failed. Sit-ins resumed. Violence flared. Then very quietly, with neither side acknowledging what was happening, the Negroes and the merchants started talking face to face. Most informed people were still pessimistic. But the merchants were ready for a change.

In a sense the episode was truly remarkable. In the past, when cities with deep Southern roots like Nashville have made any move toward desegregation, the blame has been put on the Supreme Court, or on the Federal government, or on the politicians. This time the engagement was entirely local and the victory, fragile as it may be, went to neither side but to the community as a whole and to responsible citizens regardless of color. In Nashville there was a feeling of deep relief, and more, a quiet pride of achievement.

The next day, at the President's press conference, a Nashville reporter put a question: "Yesterday six of the stores in downtown Nashville have admitted Negroes to the lunch counters. I wondered, sir . . . do you think that would be a pattern for the other cities to follow?"

The President, who recently admitted that he reads only the Sunday papers, seemed not to have heard the good news from Nashville. He replied: "Now when it comes to sit-ins, I am just not enough of a lawyer to say just exactly what they do mean and what they mean in the Constitutional or legal terms. We, you and I, can talk about it in social terms and you might say on a moral standard, but this is something else. But, I would say for that question, you ought to go to the Attorney General. I am just not that much of a lawyer."

These Things Were Said

¶ Expected to be passed at this year's session are resolutions condemning the World Court, opposing foreign aid and assailing disarmament efforts based on co-existence with commu-

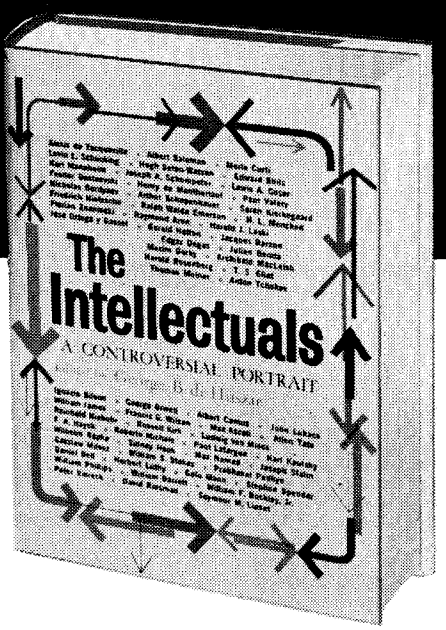
PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Another Marboro Book Club **Exclusive!**

THE MONUMENTAL STUDY OF

THE INTELLECTUALS

A scholarly, witty, wickedly revealing portrait of the smartest people in the world



The Marboro Book Club invites you to accept this book **FREE** *with a trial membership*

iis is a bombshell of a book, an encyclo- dic and mercilessly honest study of the ost intelligent, most complicated, and ost frustrated people on earth...the in- llectuals. (They invented the United ates, the Atom Bomb, the Soviet Union, id Modern Art, and lost control of them l This book tells why.)

iblished at $7.50—Yours free. Never fore have the scholars, savants, bohe- ians, dilettantes, mandarins, sad young en, and authentic geniuses of the intel- tual community been examined with such oroughness, such remorseless logic, and ch diabolic candor.

E INTELLECTUALS is at once a geography d history of the intellectual world...a ychological analysis of its dilemmas, stilities, and fears...a sociological study its politics and economics...and an al- st anthropological exploration of its bal myths and rituals and taboos.

o one has ever called me an intellectual in presence."—*Bertrand Russell*

hy do American intellectuals complain the one hand of being "alienated" and the other hand of being "forced to con- m" (and could they be wrong on both nts)?...Why are the avant-garde mag- nes no longer avant garde?...Have the nefits of the welfare state turned intel- tuals (like juvenile delinquents) into els without a cause?...Why are the in- lectuals of Asia so proficient at liberat- their countries and such failures at ving their problems afterwards? e American intellectuals underpaid (and so, what are European intellectuals so vious about)?...Is the Age of Specializa- n transforming the intellectual into a arned Ignoramus? These are just a few the intellectual phenomena studied, di- nosed and dissected with delightful dition, and with utterly fascinating nkness that leaves the 600 pages of THE ELLECTUALS strewn with the broken bits fallen idols and the bleached bones of red cows.

o be too conscious is an illness."
—*Dostoevsky*

took some of the world's most famous ellectuals to write this book (who else uld have dared?). Albert Camus, T. S. iot, Raymond Aron, Harold J. Laski, ney Hook, Stephen Spender, and Rein- ld Niebuhr are just a few of them. gether they do for the intelligentsia mething akin to what Audubon did for nithology and Gibbon did for the Roman npire.

will be seen that these scholarly digni- ries often end up in a rowdy disagreement ong themselves. They let loose the kind of critical crossfire that makes intellectual history—and makes THE INTELLECTUALS one of the most quotable and controversial books of 1960.

From the ivory towers, coffee houses, class- rooms, editorial boards, galleries, and laboratories of the world, this outspoken book draws the authentic image of the intellectual in all his aspects. Every species from the Encyclopaedist to the Existen- tialist is covered (and uncovered)...the poets and philosophers and scientists, the artists (are they intellectuals?), the critics and New Critics, the educators...the whole incredible gamut of political theorizers: Socialists, fellow-travelers, nihilists, an- archists, populists, Old Bolsheviks, New Conservatives, fascists (they had their in- tellectuals, too).

THE INTELLECTUALS is typical of the kind of book the MARBORO BOOK CLUB makes avail- able regularly to its members at drastically reduced prices. It has just been published at $7.50 and it's worth it. But it is yours *without charge* with a cancellable Trial Membership. That's the best way we know to introduce you to the pleasures (and substantial economies) of membership in this unusual book club.

Trial membership is cancellable. You are not obligated to order any books from the Club when you send for your free copy of THE INTELLECTUALS. Read it, enjoy it, for 2 full weeks (it is almost 600 pages long). Then, if you are not absolutely certain that you wish to remain a member, simply re- turn the book. You'll be under no obligation and your trial membership will be can- celled. The Club takes all the risk. Why? Because we believe you'll want to keep the book as a Free Gift and continue your membership. You see, this is no *ordinary* book club.

A select circle of readers. Like a coopera- tive, which it resembles in many ways, the MARBORO BOOK CLUB enables readers who share the same discerning tastes to *pool* their *purchasing power*—and thereby save an average of *one-half* when they buy books.

For instance, members of the MARBORO BOOK-CLUB paid only $4.95 for Sir Herbert Read's *Concise History of Modern Painting* (others were paying $7.50). *The Status Seekers* (published at $4.50) cost members only $3.25. If you had been a member dur- ing the past year, you would have saved comparable sums on *The House of Intellect, Huxley's Collected Essays, The New Golden Bough, The Henry Miller Reader* and many, many others.

Save 50% on books you want most. You will find many of these titles still available if you join now—plus, of course, the im- portant new books that you would other- wise buy this year at higher prices—and all at the Club's remarkably low *Members'* Prices. Moreover, you will receive a Free Bonus Book of your own choosing with every 4 books you select from the scores of new and recent titles always available to members at substantial savings.

Important to act quickly. Meanwhile, you'll want to send for your *free* copy of THE INTELLECTUALS and make up your own mind later about membership in the MAR- BORO BOOK CLUB. Naturally, we cannot honor requests received after the stocks of THE INTELLECTUALS set aside for this free offer are used up. So mail this coupon today.

MARBORO BOOK CLUB, 131 Varick St., New York 13

Please issue me a cancellable Trial Membership in the MARBORO BOOK CLUB and send, as my free gift for joining, a copy of THE INTELLECTUALS. If for any reason I decide not to remain a member, I may return the book within 2 weeks and my membership will be cancelled without cost or obligation. If I elect to keep the free book and remain a member, I agree to buy at least 4 books during the coming year. I will receive advance notice of each book offered by the Club, and I may decline any book simply by returning the printed form always provided. Every 4 books ordered through the Club at the low Members' Prices entitle me to a free **Bonus Book** of my choice.

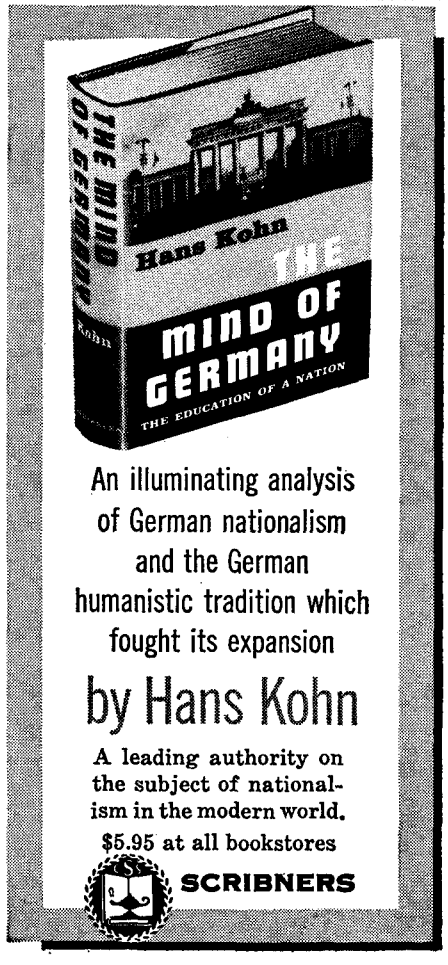
NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ ZONE ____ STATE ____

MR-652

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



nism. President Eisenhower asserted tonight that "as the Daughters of the American Revolution work to advance the international principles of 'good faith and justice' they promote the highest goals of our beloved land."—*Report in the New York Times*

¶A property owners association today defended its point system for screening home buyers on racial and other factors as an effort to cope with prejudices affecting real estate values. . . . A form filled out by the investigators has a note: "A station in life of sufficient eminence could be capable of producing a passing grade despite all other considerations in this report. For example," Mr. Weatherbee said, "if Einstein had wanted to move here, he would have passed even if he didn't make the points."—*Report in the New York Times.*

A CLEAR DAY IN CENTRAL PARK

By JAY JACOBS

MAY 3

Yesterday, Monday, was one of those rare New York days when the air seems country-pure and time worth wasting. The skies were blue, the breezes fresh, and the soot-streaked buildings washed spanking clean by the clear sunlight. The trees along the side streets were somehow converting carbon monoxide to fresh green leaf, pedestrians smiled to themselves, and all the women in the town were young and beautiful again.

Late in the morning, I took my small son to the zoo in Central Park, where he sometimes deigns to teach me things I've never known or have long since forgotten. We paid our respects to the animals, most of whom were napping in the sun (even the coyote, normally a ceaseless pacer of his office floor, had taken the day off, and was somnolently regarding the passersby), fed Cracker Jack to the coatis and the Barbary sheep, and, having nothing worse to do, set out for the carousel.

Roger is old enough now to ride the merry-go-around alone, and all I can do for him is supply him with tickets, and applaud his horsemanship when he remembers to look my way. After the third ride, our block of tickets was exhausted, and I tried to lift Roger from his horse (a grinning chestnut that reminded me of the film star Fernandel). He clung to its withers like a frightened marmoset, begging me to let him stay on a while longer, and I bought another block of tickets. Sometime during the next ride, Caryl Chessman was gassed.

By the time we started home, in the middle of the afternoon, the newsstands were full of headlines announcing Chessman's extermination, and the streets were full of people who somehow looked a lot less innocent than they had that morning.

Now that Chessman has finally paid his belated visit to San Quentin's fumatorium and inhaled his cyanide, we can presumably breathe easier. Lord knows, he was an embarrassment while he lived, and we are happily rid of him. The only trouble now, from my own selfish point of view, is that I slept very badly last night.

I am opposed to capital punishment, as I am opposed to death from any other cause, but the case against it has been argued eloquently and often and I have nothing worthwhile to add to the arguments. Nor, as a layman, can I take exception to what I must (for the sake of my own heart's ease) assume was a just verdict on Chessman, and a fair review of his case in each of the many appeals he engineered. (Where be his quiddities now, his quillets, his cases, his tenures, and his tricks?)

What bothers me is that, like it or not, I've been placed in Caryl Chessman's debt, and cannot pay him back.

When Chessman's ordeal was prolonged a couple of months ago, on the eve of his scheduled execution, to save the President (and, by extension, me) from embarrassment in Latin America, both Mr. Eisenhower and I incurred an obligation that was hardly discharged by killing the man, once things had blown over.

When a man's continued existence becomes contingent on expediency, when a human being is made to live and die at the mere convenience of another—up to and including the most eminent politician in the country—the poison in the air is not confined to a green-walled chamber in California. My son is breathing it, three thousand miles away, on a seemingly clear day in Central Park.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Seven Arts Book Society *offers you the exceptional opportunity to build what André Malraux described as "a museum without walls"—to enrich your home with the finest books on the arts—and at substantial savings.*

The selections of The Seven Arts Book Society—like those pictured above—are all books of permanent value: oversize, richly illustrated volumes with definitive texts. Moreover, as a member you will regularly enjoy savings of 30% and more.

Why not begin your trial membership today? Discover for yourself the great advantages of belonging to this unique organization. You may begin your membership with any one* of the magnificent books shown here for the special introductory price of $5.00.

THE STONES OF FLORENCE, Mary McCarthy. 277 pp., 8½ x 11, 137 photos (12 in full color). Retail $15.00. Member's price $10.95.

PAUL KLEE, Will Grohmann. 441 pp., 11¾ x 8½, 510 illus. (40 in color). Retail $17.50. Member's price $13.50.

ART SINCE 1945, Will Grohmann, Sam Hunter, Herbert Read. 400 pp., 9¼ x 11¼, 180 illus. (60 in color). Retail $15.00. Member's price $11.95.

GREAT PAINTINGS FROM THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART, 138 pp., 11 x 13, 60 tipped-in color plates plus 24 monochrome plates. Retail $17.50. Member's price $13.50.

THE GREAT AMERICAN ARTISTS SERIES: Albert P. Ryder; Thomas Eakins; Winslow Homer; Willem de Kooning; Jackson Pollock; Stuart Davis. Six vols., boxed, 768 pp. 7½ x 10 each, 480 illus. (96 in color). Retail $23.70. Member's price $13.95.

PAUL CEZANNE, Meyer Schapiro. 128 pp., 50 tipped-in full color illustrations and 16 monotone text illustrations, 10 x 13. Retail $15.00. Member's price $11.95.

ARCHITECTURE USA, Ian McCallum. 240 pp., 500 illustrations, 8½ x 11. Retail $13.50. Member's price $9.95.

THE SCULPTURE OF AFRICA, Eliot Elisofon. 256 pp., 11 x 14, 405 photos. Retail $15.00. Member's price $10.95.

REMBRANDT, Ludwig Münz. 158 pp., 9¾ x 12¾, 109 illus. (50 in color). Retail $15.00. Member's price $11.95.

THE NOTEBOOKS OF LEONARDO DA VINCI, edited by Edward MacCurdy. 2 vols., boxed, 1248 pp., 5½ x 8¼. Retail $10.00. Member's price $7.50.

SPACE, TIME AND ARCHITECTURE, Sigfried Giedion's contemporary classic. 780 pp., 7¼ x 10, 450 illus. Retail $12.50. Member's price $9.50.

PABLO PICASSO, Wilhelm Boeck and Jaime Sabartès. 524 pp., 8½ x 12, 606 illus. (44 in color). Retail $17.50. Member's price $13.50.

** THE NATURAL HOUSE and THE LIVING CITY, Frank Lloyd Wright. 2 books, fully illustrated with plans, maps, drawings, and photographs. Combined retail price $15.00. Member's price (for both books) $11.00.*

IDEAS AND IMAGES IN WORLD ART, René Huyghe. 448 pp., 7½ x 9¾, 416 gravure illus. (16 in color). Retail $15.00. Member's price $11.95.

THE ART OF INDIA, Louis Frederic. A comprehensive survey with 426 gravure illustrations. 464 pp., 9 x 11. Retail $17.50. Member's price $12.95.

** Two books counting as one selection*

Choose any one for $5.00 with membership

The Seven Arts Book Society

215 Park Avenue South, New York 3, N. Y.

You may enter my name as a member and send me the book of my choice for only $5.00 (plus postage and handling). I agree to take as few as six additional selections in the course of my membership. I am to receive each month without charge the attractive *Seven Arts News* containing an extensive review of the forthcoming selection and descriptions of all other books available to me at member's prices. If I do not want the selection announced I can return your simple form saying "send me nothing," or use it to order another book from the more than 100 authoritative volumes offered in the course of a year. I may cancel my membership at any time after purchasing the six additional selections.

TITLE

Mr.
Mrs.
Miss

Please print full name

Address

City Zone State

S60-54

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"... must reading for students of American politics during this 1960 election year."

WASHINGTON POST

Paul T. David,
Ralph M. Goldman,
Richard C. Bain

THE POLITICS OF NATIONAL PARTY CONVENTIONS

Paperback Edition $1.95
Edited by Kathleen Sproul

Here is the story of the party convention system since its appearance on the scene during Andrew Jackson's first term as President. It puts the entire nominating process in perspective—from the primaries to the final convention decisions. It analyzes the centers of leadership in the party occupying the White House and the party out of power, the impact of the polls and mass media, the characteristics of the convention delegates, and the organization and strategies of the delegations.

This 276-page paperback is a condensation that provides the general public with highlights of the illuminating Brookings study published earlier this year. The cloth bound original study is available at $10.

Another new title in the Brookings election-year series:

The 1956 Presidential Campaign

By Charles A. H. Thomson and Frances M. Shattuck

A lively account that recreates the election-year atmosphere and provides a systematic approach to an understanding of the whole election process. $5.00

Available at your bookstore or from

THE Brookings Institution

722 Jackson Place, N.W., Washington 6, D. C.

CORRESPONDENCE

THE 'CATHOLIC ISSUE'

To the Editor: Your Note on "The Catholic Issue" (*The Reporter*, April 28) was the only real sane editorial comment I have read in the secular media. . . . I am not sure that Kennedy raised the Catholic issue by allegedly circulating a memorandum purportedly showing the "Catholic vote" could help the Democrats. I had never, before James Reston mentioned it, heard that he had done so. But even if he had, is it not probable that his intention was to show that an "anti-Catholic" vote would no longer be so overwhelming as to neutralize the so-called "Catholic vote" in the country—which I presume means the normal Democratic vote in the big cities where apparently most Catholics live. Beyond this "liberal" description of a vote as "Catholic," I cannot conceive of such a monstrosity in America today.

May I pass on what an important Humphrey supporter and campaign leader (non-Catholic) of this area told me the other day? It was that his only knowledge of an alleged "Catholic bloc" or vote was garnered strictly from the press—not from his contacts with political leaders hereabouts or with prospective voters. In fact, he told me, most of his co-workers for Humphrey were also Catholics.

I add a word about your last sentence ("The sooner American Catholics catch up . . ."). Surely you are aware of the writings of Father John Courtney Murray, S.J., and of the great majority of the American Catholic hierarchy who have broached this subject. All support the Constitutional separation of U.S. tradition. I also suggest reading Cardinal Lercaro's article (reprinted in *Catholic Mind*, January-February, 1960), which touches on this subject. On the whole, I believe, the United States is freer than any other land from what you call "clerical domination."

PATRICK J. WHELAN
Associate Editor
The *Times-Review*
LaCrosse, Wisconsin

To the Editor: My congratulations to you and to *The Reporter* for "The Catholic Issue." I have been waiting for a secular publication to editorialize intelligently on this issue. You have done so excellently and precisely.

Your point about Reston and others who keep the religious issue prominent by warning lest it be raised is most pertinent.

REV. LEE TEUFEL, S.J.
Chairman, Department of Journalism
Gonzaga University
Spokane, Washington

THE TWO KENNEDYS

To the Editor: I breathe more easily, although with little comfort, after having read Jack Burby's "The Other John

free...

You Can Introduce Your Friends to THE REPORTER

Most of us like to share with our friends our discoveries of new things we particularly enjoy—good books, a fine movie or play, an excellent restaurant.

Why not share THE REPORTER, too? If *you* enjoy reading THE REPORTER, surely your friends will like it.

And we'll be glad to help by sending your friends a *free* copy of THE REPORTER. Just write their names and addresses below, mail the list to us, and we shall send each of them a free copy with your compliments. If you have more names, simply list them on an extra sheet.

THE REPORTER
NAME
STREET
CITY ZONE STATE

THE REPORTER
NAME
STREET
CITY ZONE STATE

THE REPORTER
NAME
STREET
CITY ZONE STATE

60526
YOUR NAME
STREET
CITY ZONE STATE

THE REPORTER
660 Madison Avenue
New York 21, N. Y.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

F. Kennedy" (*The Reporter*, April 14). At first I feared the title of Mr. Burby's article implied a division in the character of Senator Kennedy. My reaction was one of despair, since it is indeed disheartening when the public unquestioningly accepts the duplexity in the personality of another Presidential hopeful—the "new" and the "old" Mr. Nixon.

Although the Kennedy duplexity relates to two different individuals, there is little to say for an American electorate that will vote a man into public office (at least for his first term) merely on the basis of his first name, as in the case of John (Francis) Kennedy, treasurer and receiver-general of Massachusetts.

Republicans, however, can take comfort in the fact that theirs is the more efficient party. Where it takes the Democrats two men to manufacture ambiguity, they can do the same with only one!

BRUCE M. STAVE
Brooklyn

CHILDREN'S LORE

To the Editor: George Steiner in his delightful review of Iona and Peter Opie's delightful book *The Lore and Language of Schoolchildren* (*The Reporter*, April 28) points out how the private language of children can absorb elements from the outside world without losing its identity. I have always been struck forcibly by what an acute political ear children have and how clearly allied many of their seemingly innocent or meaningless rhymes are to the sophisticated comment of adult cartoonists or commentators. Thus two of the most famous nursery rhymes, "Little Jack Horner" and "Banbury Cross," were originally loaded satire on the land grabbing of certain bigwigs in this part of the world at the time of Henry VIII's dissolution of the monasteries, and many other such rhymes have a political origin. The best contemporary example that I can recall was during the crisis caused by the abdication of Edward VIII at Christmas, 1936, when small carol singers across the land began to introduce this variation on tradition:

"Hark, the herald angels sing,
Mrs. Simpson's pinched our king . . ."

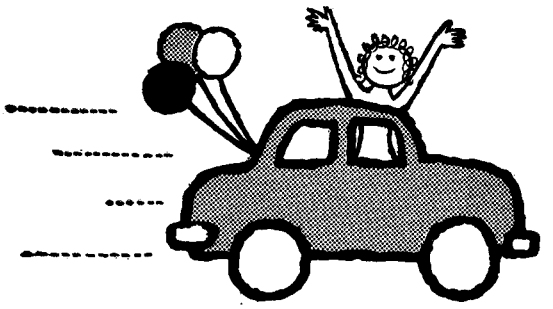
ALASTAIR BUCHAN
Brill, Buckinghamshire, England

TOKENISM

To the Editor: I very much enjoyed your thought-provoking editorial "Up From Tokenism" (*The Reporter*, March 31). I am sure that it will raise many unfavorable comments, especially from those people who still believe that the Negro should be in a subservient position.

However, I want to congratulate you on your fine piece of work. You may have helped to end the struggle a little sooner.

Judith Jackson
Morton Grove, Illinois



DO EUROPE THE FUN 'N SAVE WAY IN YOUR OWN NEW RENAULT DAUPHINE

$1133 DELIVERED IN PARIS

Make all arrangements here: have your own brand new Renault Dauphine (with U.S. specifications) waiting for you in Paris./Factory-delivered, ready to drive. World-wide factory warranty and authorized dealer service *everywhere.*/All documents and insurance available also. Four doors, large trunk, up to 40 mpg./For complete selection of European car delivery plans with or without later return shipment to the U.S., see your local Renault Dealer./Or write for Brochure H to Renault, Box 158, Long Island City 4, N. Y.

THE SECRET OF Chartreuse

The only thing known about Chartreuse is that *you'll like it!* The secret recipe of this liqueur has been closely guarded since 1605 by the Monks in a secluded French monastery. Chartreuse is superb served straight or over ice —does delicious things to ice cream or fruit.

CHARTREUSE
Yellow, 86 Proof • Green 110 Proof
For an illustrated booklet on the story of Chartreuse, write: Schieffelin© & Co., 30 Cooper Sq., N.Y., Dept. BB

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

VINTAGE BOOKS

has an answer for

Alexander Chakovsky*

with the publication of the first five volumes in its *new*

RUSSIAN LIBRARY

A series that will reprint Russian classics, the best translations, and issue original works about Russia and the contemporary Soviet Union.

LEO TOLSTOY *by Ernest J. Simmons*
In honor of the 50th anniversary this year of the death of Leo Tolstoy, a new edition of his most famous biography. "As definitive as any biography can be." —*N. Y. Times.* In two volumes.
R-1001 A & B $1.45 each

THE KREMLIN AND WORLD POLITICS
Studies in Soviet Policy and Action
by Philip E. Mosely
25 essays on crucial Soviet government activities during the past two decades.
A VINTAGE ORIGINAL. R-1002 $1.65

STALIN A Political Biography
by Isaac Deutscher
The most authoritative and objective study of Stalin's personality and his role in the development of the U.S.S.R. New preface by author. R-1003 $1.65

HOW THE SOVIET SYSTEM WORKS
by R. A. Bauer, A. Inkeles, C. Kluckhohn
The Harvard Research Center's investigation of Russian daily life—the church, family, education, business and science.
R-1004 $1.25

THE THIEF *by Leonid Leonov*
Introduction by Rufus W. Mathewson, Jr. A novel of the Moscow underground, written by the Russian whom Gorky compared with Dostoevsky. Hubert Butler's translation, revised. R-1005 $1.45

JUNE VINTAGE TITLES

H. L. Mencken on Politics	K-101	$1.45
The Jacksonian Persuasion *by Marvin Meyers*	K-102	$1.25
Domestic Manners of the Americans *by Mrs. Trollope*	K-103	$1.65
Beyond the Mexique Bay *by Aldous Huxley*	K-104	$1.25

**In an unprecedented article in the* Saturday Review, *April 2, Alexander Chakovsky, editor of "Foreign Literature," a leading Soviet literary magazine, made an impassioned plea: "Open the doors to Soviet books for American readers."*

For a complete list of VINTAGE BOOKS write to
VINTAGE BOOKS, INC.
501 Madison Avenue, New York 22

WHO— WHAT— WHY—

THE SUMMIT is here and **Max Ascoli,** who had been disinclined to overemphasize the importance of this much-heralded event, now feels that, after all, it is one show that has not been rigged. What has contributed to reawaken interest has been of course the incident of the fallen plane—an incident that, in our editor's opinion, is particularly shocking because of the shock and bewilderment it caused throughout the world and our country.

SIXTEEN MILLION Americans are sixty-five or older. Sixty per cent of them have incomes of less than $1,000 annually, yet their medical expenses are ninety per cent higher than those of the rest of the population. These facts have become the focus of one of the liveliest political issues of this election year, and with the introduction of Representative Aime Forand's bill (HR 4700), everyone seems to have awakened to the fact that the United States, alone among the world's major industrial nations, has no national program for the medical care of the aged. All the major Presidential contenders have been obliged, willy-nilly, to take a stand on the problem. **Edward T. Chase,** a writer on public affairs and a frequent contributor, discusses the details of the various proposals and shows that however confused the present situation may be with its proliferation of bills and rallying cries, the real breakthrough has already taken place: almost everyone is agreed that in some form or other Federal assistance for the aged is a necessity.

As **Saul K. Padover** reports from Seoul, despite the American lives lost to maintain South Korean independence and the vast sums allocated for the country's development, there was little interest in or information on what was happening under Syngman Rhee's rule. Mr. Padover, a professor at the New School who was an eyewitness of the recent trouble in Korea, explains some of the causes of the inevitable collapse of Rhee's police state. . . . If the suddenness of the Korean revolt took Americans by surprise, that surprise was shared by the Communists. **Isaac Deutscher,** a regular correspondent, shows that Russia and China are by no means agreed on how to turn the revolt against Rhee to advantage. . . . Once a year Congress gathers its strength and sets about reviewing the state of the nation's defenses. This annual review takes place in an atmosphere of jargon, misapprehension, and double talk that leaves almost everyone utterly baffled. **Douglass Cater,** our Washington editor, points out that a central difficulty is that the processes of Congressional review were never meant to be a substitute for leadership. . . . Critics of the Civil Rights Act of 1960, which the Senate passed after two months of debate, are wont to attribute its shortcomings to a variety of persons and causes. **Anthony Lewis,** a Washington correspondent for the New York *Times,* suggests that the Senate's liberal civil-rights bloc must assume its share of responsibility for what Senator Joseph S. Clark called its own "crushing defeat."

IT HAS BEEN SUGGESTED that to readers well versed in Sovietese, certain expressions in **Vladimir Dudintsev's** fable will suggest some definite meanings: thus they will associate the "personnel director" with the secret police, the "bandit gang" with the Communist Party, and the "bandit leader's" recantation with Khrushchev's "secret" denunciation of Stalin at the Communist Party's Twentieth Congress in 1956. But whatever any separate episode or character in this curious "fairy tale" may mean to Russians, its import for us lies in a theme that comes through with unmistakable clarity: the struggle of the individual to fulfill himself. Vladimir Dudintsev is the author of *Not by Bread Alone* (Dutton). His "A New Year's Fable" has been translated for *The Reporter* by Gabriella Azrael, a teacher and translator of Russian who recently lived in Moscow. . . . **Richard Ellmann,** a faculty member at Northwestern University, is the winner of this year's National Book Award for his biography *James Joyce* (Oxford). . . . The most successful day Joseph Goebbels ever lived was his last. He began it as chancellor of the German Third Reich; he ended it, even more spectacularly than his predecessor, by killing himself, his wife, and his six children. . . . **Solomon F. Bloom** is professor of history at Brooklyn College. . . . **Roland Gelatt,** one of our regular music reviewers, is editor of *High Fidelity.*

Our cover, an impression of the flowers that bloom in the spring, is by **Tack Shigaki.**

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE REPORTER

THE MAGAZINE OF FACTS AND IDEAS

MAX ASCOLI, *Editor and Publisher*

Executive Editor, Philip Horton • *Managing Editor,* Robert Bingham
Associate Editors: Gouverneur Paulding, Theodore Draper
Washington Editor, Douglass Cater • *Contributing Editor,* Robert Bendiner
Art Director, Reg Massie • *Assistant Managing Editor,* Derek Morgan
Staff Writers: Claire Sterling, Marya Mannes, Paul Jacobs, Edmond Taylor
Assistant to the Managing Editor, Louisa Messolonghites • *Librarian,* Ruth Ames

General Manager, John J. Borghi
Circulation Manager, George Hinckley • *Director of Advertising,* Harry R. Davis
Director of Promotion, Shirley Katzander • *Production Manager,* Ann Hollyday Sharp

VOLUME 22, NO. 11 **MAY 26, 1960**

THE REPORTER'S NOTES 2

A CLEAR DAY IN CENTRAL PARK . . . . . *Jay Jacobs* 6

THE WIDENING STALEMATE—AN EDITORIAL . . . . . *Max Ascoli* 12

Politics and Old Age

THE FIGHT OVER THE FORAND BILL . . . . . *Edward T. Chase* 13

At Home & Abroad

THE KOREAN DRAMA

1. MISERY AND REVOLT . . . . . *Saul K. Padover* 20
2. THE COMMUNISTS' DILEMMA . . . . . *Isaac Deutscher* 21

THE CONFUSED SEMANTICS OF THE DEFENSE DEBATE . . . . *Douglass Cater* 23

THE PROFESSIONALS WIN OUT OVER CIVIL RIGHTS . . . . . *Anthony Lewis* 27

Views & Reviews

A NEW YEAR'S TALE—A FABLE . . . . . *Vladimir Dudintsev* 32

Books:

THE MARINER'S LAND LEGS . . . . . *Richard Ellmann* 50

HEIR TO RUIN . . . . . *Solomon F. Bloom* 52

VENICE REPOPULATED . . . . . *Gouverneur Paulding* 55

RECORD NOTES . . . . . *Roland Gelatt* 56

THE REPORTER PUZZLE 31

Editorial and Business Offices:
660 Madison Avenue, New York 21, N. Y.

Manuscripts or artwork submitted to The Reporter should be accompanied by addressed envelope and return postage. The publisher assumes no responsibility for the return of unsolicited manuscripts or artwork.

MANCHESTER GUARDIAN

Here are some of the reasons why you will want to read this newspaper that is known and quoted throughout the world.

- **Comment.** The editorials of the Manchester Guardian are more than opinion providers for those with no ideas of their own. The editorials are an appeal to reason. Their weapon is the rapier. Not botched with prejudice, their argument is clean-jointed.
- **News.** Written by Manchester Guardian men in all parts of the world giving precise personal reporting. For example, you will find both penetrating and thought provoking, Taya-Zinkin's grass roots reporting of Indian life and Hessell Tiltman's analysis of Japanese politics.
- **American reporting.** How does the rest of the world see America? Max Freedman in Washington and Alistair Cooke in New York let you see how they report America—a refreshing and unusual angle.
- **Information.** Comprehensive articles which provide new meaning and understanding regarding today's events. Such articles as

  "The New Men in Russia"
  "A Clash of Democrats"
  "Nazis in the German Judiciary"
  "Common Market in Action"
  "Organization Man's Ideology"

- **Book reviews.** Articles on art and music, marginal notes on London and the lighter side of life furnish you with stimulating entertainment.
- **All the good things** a newspaper provides will be found to a greater degree in the Manchester Guardian Weekly. This edition is flown overnight every week from England and mailed to you in the United States.

MANCHESTER GUARDIAN

FILL IN AND MAIL RIGHT NOW!

The Manchester Guardian, Dept. R-96
20 East 53rd Street, New York 22, N.Y.

Please enter my subscription to the Manchester Guardian Weekly Air Edition, as checked. If not satisfied after seeing the first four issues, I may cancel and get a full refund.

☐ 19 weeks trial, $3 ☐ 1 year, $8

Name.....

Street Address.....

City.....Zone.....State.....

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Widening Stalemate

And here it comes, the great event that for months has been anticipated, discounted, and lampooned. All of us concerned with world affairs have been singing or humming the same tune: nothing will happen; not much, anyway. This show has been overrehearsed, so we thought, and the review could be written well before the final curtain comes down.

Then our reconnaissance plane fell over Russia and at once an outcry of bewildered horror filled the air. Obviously nobody, least of all Khrushchev, had ever heard that there is a military stalemate between the West and the Soviet bloc, and that this stalemate makes it imperative for the two leading powers to probe and reconnoiter each other's strength.

The Paris gathering, like the one in Geneva in 1955, and like those which will take place in the near future, is another of the recurrent celebrations of the continuing and widening stalemate. The balance of forces is registered anew—real forces or potential, and in some cases phony. When the four great men meet, the power of the nations they represent is heightened or impaired by the relative weight of their own talent and personality. There is considerable room for sheer chance at the summit, and the balance of forces may reveal shifts that have been occurring since the previous gathering. Khrushchev sees to it that changes to our disadvantage may take place, and a surprising number of people in our midst find that some of his homilies make sense.

Between East and West, it is said, there is a status quo that neither side can bear to see altered. This applies most eminently to Europe, where the two opposing forces have been for a longer time at a standstill. Therefore, it is argued, if both blocs stop asking the impossible of each other, and act according to their real wishes, there will be a detente in Europe from which the whole world will profit.

The trouble is that the European status quo would be irreparably altered were it formally recognized. True, we have normal diplomatic relations with most of the European Communist countries; but we cannot possibly forgive or forget the way in which these governments keep themselves in power, neither can we grant them the legitimacy they have failed to receive from their own peoples.

In the strictest sense of the term we are in a condition of armistice with the Communist countries—an armistice that is as enduring as the balance of forces on both sides. Yet, some people say, if we and the Russians don't want war—which is true—why don't we eliminate this abnormal state of affairs, consider the armistice as peace for our times, and get down to "normalizing" the most abnormal situations? The status of West Berlin, for instance, could be taken care of by a clever job of legal draftsmanship, meant to give a new juridical basis to some sort of freedom for that half city.

Again, the trouble is that if we accept the present reality of divided Berlin, divided Germany, and divided Europe as a status quo to which we are reconciled, our recognition of the status quo would destroy it. We certainly can "normalize" Berlin—at the cost of losing Germany together with this highly abnormal NATO alliance we insist on maintaining against an adversary who insistently proclaims that he wants nothing more than to disband all alliances and promptly secure general and complete disarmament.

At their latest meeting the foreign ministers of the NATO countries declared that the alliance too wants general and complete disarmament. This makes it unanimous. Some cynic could say that here we have another status quo to become reconciled with: a continued armament race on the part of the two major powers, both dedicated to building more and more absolute weapons as a contribution to absolute disarmament.

The truth, however, is somewhat different and more complex. Since the unilateral suspension of atomic tests by the three major atomic powers, a measure of reduction of armaments has already started. On this ground the statesmen at the summit have a chance to consolidate multilaterally what has been achieved and go further. They know that the coming into existence of more and more absolute weapons has reached a dead end.

Soon American and Soviet satellites will be in orbit, transmitting excellent pictures of military installations. The skies will then be open and the capacity of the two major nations to peer from on high into each other's military installations will become stalemated.

No, there seems to be little question now: the meeting at the summit is going to be a momentous affair. The three representatives of the West must be ready to talk reduction of armaments with Khrushchev and at the same time keep their distance. This will be particularly hard on our good-natured President, for Khrushchev might well extend to him a grudging forgiveness for some of our recent sins. The President and his western colleagues must never forget that there is an unbridgeable difference between them and their redoubtable Russian opponent: they are responsible to their peoples and Khrushchev is not.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Fight over the Forand Bill

EDWARD T. CHASE

THE QUESTION of Federal aid for medical care of the aged is fast emerging as the most politically significant domestic issue of the election year. The determination of our next President may be profoundly affected by the debate, and political observers as dissimilar as James Reston and David Lawrence suggest that the issue crystallizes Democratic and Republican ideological differences as do few others. The outcome of the controversy will have an important bearing on party platforms and on respective party strength with large segments of the electorate. At the root of the argument, as Reston has put it, is the "question of paternalism and where the welfare state is to stop."

For what it's worth, Congressional mail indicates the "welfare state" does not stop short of medical aid for the old folks. This should surprise no one. As early as 1943 the Gallup poll recorded fifty-nine per cent of the public as favoring extension of Social Security to cover medical costs. Now, seventeen years later, two out of three letters from Congressional constituents are for such aid, best known in the form of the Forand bill. No other issue this year has prompted such a torrent of mail. The fact that organized labor is vehemently for the Forand bill while organized medicine and the insurance industry are fighting with equal vigor against it helps explain this deluge. But the problem of the aged's medical needs is highly personal, not abstract. It involves the children of the elderly as well as the elderly themselves, so that practically all of us are emotionally touched.

Presidential aspirant Nixon is touched by it in a painfully awkward way. The political background to his discomfort over this question has shifted bewilderingly. After months of dilatory behind-the-scenes discussion, not to say argument, in March the Eisenhower administration and Republican Congressional leaders came out formally against any legislation, such as the Forand bill, that uses Social Security as the mechanism to provide medical care. They did so on several grounds, but principally because it would make the program compulsory, since payment of the Social Security tax is mandatory. As the President put it, "I have been against compulsory insurance as a very definite step in socialized medicine."

On the Spot

Nevertheless, Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare Arthur Flemming has been conceding for well over a year that the problem of financing medical care for the aged is a serious one "that will become more rather than less important." The demands for action have been so inexorable that a convulsion has occurred within the administration. It has now prepared a program itself, a voluntary plan with a deductible feature similar to that in automobile collision insurance. In this plan, the aged person would pay the first $250 of his medical bill unaided and twenty per cent of the balance thereafter. An estimated $600 million in Federal funds would then be earmarked for payment of the medical bills of those over sixty-five. Those aged not choosing this plan would be helped to defray the costs of medical insurance of their choice. It was Nixon who urged that the administration come forth with some kind of positive program. The Budget Bureau and the Treasury have led the fight against it, backed until recently by the Republican leadership plus the natural posture of an administration prone to defer tough questions endlessly.

Mr. Nixon's anxiety can easily be imagined. Every one of his Democratic rivals has been on record for some time now as favoring Federal help for the aged's medical care by expanding the Social Security law. Each has been pitilessly emphasizing Nixon's apparent acquiescence in the administration's months of foot dragging. Another fact, surprisingly little noted as yet, is that Governor Rockefeller, who may yet challenge Nixon for the nomination, worked hard and successfully to get through the New York legislature last month a law that materially benefits the retired aged with respect to their health-insurance costs. Moreover, he is critical of the administration's proposal and favors the principle of the Forand bill: to expand the Social Security System, as the Democrats—and labor—recommend.

While Nixon has been put on the spot by his competition, his close political associate H.E.W. Secretary Flemming has been buffeted from *all* sides. He was rebuked by the White House in December for telling the American Public Welfare Association, without prior Presidential clearance, that shortly he would submit concrete proposals to Congress to alleviate the medical-cost burden of the aged. He became scrupulously vague after that until the White House decision to back a voluntary program, when he plaintively told reporters what he had said a whole year before: he was making "studies" of the problem and hoping his department could "move along at a truly fast clip" to complete these studies. Nixon himself had enjoyed a kind of immunity from criticism up until his recent

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

release by Ike. The role of loyal administration team player gave him the benefit of the doubt in either the pro-aid or anti-aid camp, so far as medical help to the aged was concerned. Now that the President has emancipated him by observing that Dick would be stupid to stand pat on any administration line, Nixon confronts a dilemma comparable to the one imposed upon him by the Benson farm program. The pressures are likely to mount for him to counter Kennedy, Humphrey, and Symington by offering the aged (they make up twenty per cent of the electorate) something more generous than the administration's high-deductible plan limited to those with income under $2,500. This is particularly true should he enter the California primary. There the elderly have remained a potent political force since the antic days of the Townsend Plan a generation ago.

Nevertheless, the massive pressures against such a move by organized medicine, the insurance industry, big business in general, most Republican senators and representatives, and the President himself are of the very kind to give Dick Nixon pause. As Walter Lippmann writes: "It is hard to see how Mr. Nixon can do anything else but run, not only on the Eisenhower record but also on the Eisenhower philosophy. Whatever may be said of the record . . . the Eisenhower philosophy [is] a heavy liability."

THE SOCIAL PROBLEM creating this political issue is starkly simple. Modern medicine is controlling the death rate so effectively that the number of Americans aged sixty-five and over is increasing at the rate of one million every three years, the fastest-growing group in our population. They now number sixteen million. A third are past their seventy-fifth birthday and one in seven is in his eighties. The median age of those in nursing homes for the aged is now eighty, and two-thirds of the inmates are women.

Sixty per cent of those over sixty-five have incomes of less than $1,000 annually. Of the remainder, about twenty per cent receive between $1,000 and $2,000 a year, and the rest over $2,000, though only some four per cent have incomes of $5,000 or more annually. According to the recent report by the Senate subcommittee on Problems of the Aged and Aging, headed by Senator Pat McNamara (D., Michigan), some thirty-seven per cent of the aged have liquid assets of only $200 or less should an emergency like illness arise. The likelihood of this is of

course very great indeed. Chronic ailments particularly are characteristic of the aged. They are stricken by such illness two to three times more frequently than the rest of the population, and the duration of the illness, for example as measured by days of hospitalization, is at least twice that for the general population. Because of this, the aged have far heavier health expenditures than the rest of us on a per capita basis, an average of ninety per cent greater for all kinds of health services. For hospitalization their expenditures are 120 per cent higher than the general population's, and for drugs and medicines the disproportion is even greater. In a continuing inflationary spiral, medical costs have more than doubled since the war. Hospital rates advance relentlessly about five per cent a year, with no expert predicting a reversal in the foreseeable future.

Cost vs. Need

Obviously, the aged are in no position to solve the terrible economic squeeze revealed by these facts. The Senate subcommittee's report demonstrates why so few of the aged can expect to earn the necessary money for medical care. The technology of production is now so advanced that only a third of men sixty-five and over are needed in the nation's working force. At the turn of the century, more than two-thirds of those sixty-five and older continued on in the production of goods and services.

Can insurance supply the funds for medical care? Despite remarkable progress by the industry in providing some degree of health insurance for the general population (123 million people are now at least partially covered), health-insurance coverage for the elderly is altogether inadequate. The aged can't afford the premiums and the companies can't afford to cover the aged's medical bills with premium rates anywhere near what the aged could pay. It is not surprising that only about forty per cent of those over sixty-five have any kind of health insurance at all. And even this statistic is misleading. Only an estimated third of the medical expenditures of the average health insuree actually is covered by insurance. For instance, medicines and appliances, which account for a fourth of the nation's medical bill, are almost entirely in the category of direct purchases—that is, the degree of prepayment through insurance is negligible.

These are the facts of the social problem. What economic and demographic statistics do not tell is the special character of fear and despair with which illness colors this problem for the old, intensifying it and giving it a poignancy that indigence alone would not produce.

NUMEROUS legislative attempts have been made to meet the problem in the last two decades. Since 1957, the fight for Federal participation in health insurance has centered on the Forand bill, HR 4700. Sponsored by Representative Aime J. Forand (D., Rhode Island), this bill would have the Federal government pay for sixty days of hospital care, up to 120 days in an approved nursing home, and necessary surgery for the nearly ten million people aged sixty-five or over drawing Social Security benefits under the Old Age, Survivors and Disability Insurance program. Costs estimated at $994 million (mostly for hospital

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

care) would be met through an increase in the payroll tax of a quarter of one per cent by both employee and employer, expected to produce about $1 billion.

As of this writing, the original Forand bill can be described as barely alive. A coalition of Republicans and conservative Southern Democrats in the House Ways and Means Committee recently rejected it 17 to 8, and Representative Forand's attempt to have the bill brought to the floor by petition has failed. Compromise efforts within the committee by the pro-Forand minority to create some limited version of the bill have also proved unavailing, despite great pressure by organized labor.

Meanwhile, the Ways and Means Committee has been conducting a closed-door consideration of various legislation to revise the Social Security program. The bill it approves will go to the House floor under a non-amendment rule—precluding the attachment of the Forand measure to it—but it will be open to amendment in the Senate. House-Senate conferees then will write the final bill. And thus it is in the Senate that the decisive battle over medical aid to the aged may well be fought this session, probably in June, though it is still possible that there may be some kind of prior fireworks in the House.

In the Senate, Democrats Morse, Humphrey, and Kennedy, and Republican Javits (with seven fellow liberal Republicans) each has his own bill dealing with the problem, all invoking Federal aid. The Morse version is identical to the Forand bill; Humphrey's and Kennedy's bills are similar but exclude surgical coverage; Kennedy's bill, S 2915, calls for ninety days of hospital care, allows for nursing care in the patient's own home, and would also provide diagnostic outpatient service, including X rays and lab tests. All three measures, like the Forand bill, would use Social Security as the administering mechanism and the source of revenue.

The Javits bill, cosponsored by Republican Senators Scott, Aiken, Cooper, Case, Fong (Hawaii), Keating, and Prouty, was introduced clearly as a counter to Democratic proposals. Since February, Senator Javits has been telling his fellow Republicans that they had to offer an "affirmative alternate" to the Forand bill. Cosponsor Hugh Scott of Pennsylvania also strongly criticized the administration for inaction, saying that the time had passed for "exploration and study" and that it was not enough simply to be against the Forand bill. In a joint statement with Javits and Cooper, he said that the growing number of retired and older persons "are entitled to the health care which the modern day can afford them, but they are unable to obtain it adequately under existing plans without some government help."

The Javits bill is a voluntary scheme estimated to cost the Federal government $480 million and the states $640 million annually to finance health insurance for anyone over sixty-five. It does not involve the Social Security Act. Instead, it would be a Federal-state grants-in-aid program, with the Federal funds coming from general revenues. The states would administer the program and would largely determine the extent of health-care benefits. In fact, most of the details are left to the discretion of the individual states. Few observers can conceive of the Javits bill in its present form ever getting out of committee.

The program offered by Flemming is similar in principle to the Javits bill and, so far as most Republicans are concerned, now clearly supersedes it. That is, the Flemming bill is voluntary and state-administered, requiring state matching funds; it involves no increase in the Social Security tax and is entirely separate from it; it would be operated by the private insurance industry or by the state itself. The provisions follow the so-called "guide lines" established by President Eisenhower and Republican Congressional leaders on April 5 when they reluctantly agreed that the administration had to take some affirmative position.

What Medicare Offers

Secretary Flemming's plan, "Medicare," offers what the trade calls catastrophe-type coverage: it is limited to helping the aged by up to eighty per cent of costs only after they have exhausted their own resources but still have medical bills to meet, owing to some major illness. About 12.5 million aged would meet the means test qualifying them for this aid should they choose to participate in the plan, leaving roughly 3.5 million aged ineligible. They would then pay an annual fee of $24 each to enter the plan; those on relief would pay nothing. The aid would be forthcoming from private insurance companies under the direction of the individual states or provided by the state itself. The states in turn have to meet certain Federal standards to be eligible for Federal grants. The Federal standards contemplate, among other things, these services: up to 180 days of hospital care in a given year; up to 365 days of nursing-home care or organized home-care services; fees for physicians, surgeons, dentists, and private-duty nurses; laboratory and X-ray services up to $200 and prescribed drugs up to $350; and physical restoration services.

In an optional feature of the administration's plan offered to those disinclined to participate in the state-run program, the Federal government and the states would pay half the cost, up to $60, of a conventional major medical insurance policy from any approved private insurance company.

The Federal share of Medicare would be supplied from general revenues. On the average, the Federal government would share half and half with the states, but grants would

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

vary from state to state depending upon the state's per capita income level. Since the chances for Flemming's plan in Congress seem slim indeed and since the plan requires action by the various state legislatures, Medicare looks infinitely remote.

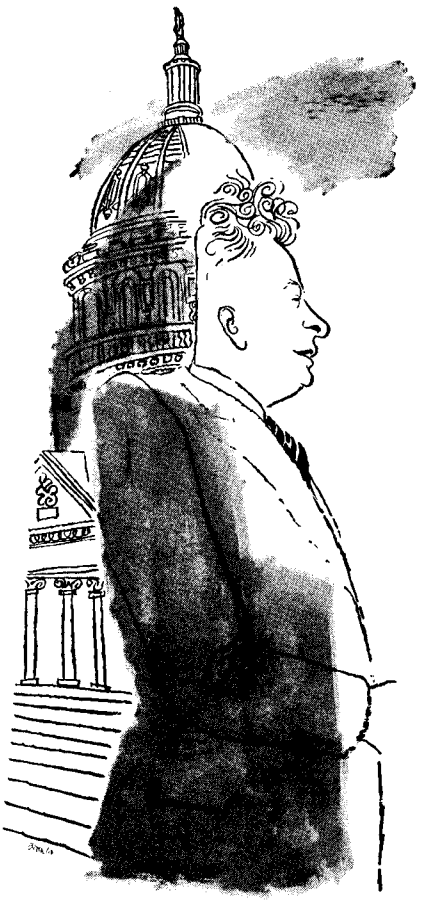
A foretaste of how organized labor would respond to the Flemming plan or any other voluntary plan calling for substantial contributions by the aged, use of private insurance companies, and high deductible provisions was offered a few weeks ago in the liveliest public exchange of insults that has been heard in the Capitol this year. The occasion was testimony by Secretary Flemming and others before the Senate Labor and Public Welfare subcommittee hearings. The main antagonists were Everett McKinley Dirksen, the Senate Republican leader, and James B. Carey, president of the International Union of Electrical Workers, who appeared at the hearing to testify for the AFL-CIO.

'Another Stinking Charge'

"An outright betrayal" of the aged was Carey's description of the administration's outline of its plan. ("Cruel hoax" was the equivalent term used by some Democratic congressmen in initial reaction to the plan.) Furthermore, he stated, the decision to have private insurance companies provide the policies "would amount to a direct government subsidy to business." He castigated the administration for making "a shameful surrender" to the American Medical Association and the insurance industry. He also charged that the administration "seems intent upon studying this problem to death."

"What the A.M.A., the insurance firms, the administration and others want is discrimination against all of our elder citizens—to deny them the right to the humane and decent medical care they need," said Carey. "I charge that these gentlemen are calloused by their own creature comforts and that they have forgotten the first principles of humanity—if indeed they ever knew them at all."

He dismissed as nonsense the idea that private voluntary health insurance is an adequate substitute for a compulsory Federal program, "any



more than private pension plans are considered a substitute for old age insurance benefits."

Senator Dirksen, who does not suffer labor leaders gladly, proceeded at once to raise the temperature of the hearing by several degrees. "Another stinking charge; shameful," said the Illinois Republican of Carey's attack. "I'm not going to let these insane charges go into the record without some challenge."

"I know your lack of concern with the problems of the aged," Carey retorted, with apparent reference to the fact that as a minority member of the Senate subcommittee on Problems of the Aged and Aging, Dirksen had voted against the majority report's call for action through Social Security. "Your point of view, Senator, is to do nothing."

Dirksen called upon Secretary Flemming, present at the hearing as a witness, to comment on Carey's "stinking charge." The Secretary replied stiffly that he could testify to the administration's "deep-seated concern with respect to this problem." He said it was proceeding "with a very real sense of urgency" and had a "genuine desire" to find a solution.

When Carey attempted to intervene at this point, Senator Dirksen shouted, "I'll get around to you later. Suppose you subside."

"You've already gotten around to me," remarked Carey.

"Suppose you just keep your mouth shut," Dirksen demanded.

Persevering, Carey continued, saying he wondered "if senators should be compelled to meet some decent standards in their treatment of private human beings." At one point when Carey shouted, "I wonder, Senator, if you could be fair," Dirksen appeared "stunned," as the *Wall Street Journal* described the scene, replying, "You've got a lot of gall asking if I could be fair."

Nonetheless, at least one fellow senator seemed to feel the question had merit. As Dirksen was about to sweep furiously from the hearing room, Joseph Clark of Pennsylvania commented that in his opinion Carey's statement "contained nothing shameful or stinking" and that Dirksen's conduct was undignified and uncalled-for.

"That's your opinion, Joe, so let it stand there," said Dirksen, making his exit.

Carey had the last word: "I would like to apologize to the committee members if they felt I could have done anything to prevent this display," he said.

IT WASN'T the first use by Dirksen of "stinking" in connection with the Forand debate. A few days earlier, Walter Reuther of the United Automobile Workers had accused the President of reneging on a "promise" to increase the Social Security tax by a quarter of one per cent to pay for certain medical care for the aged, an accusation prompting Dirksen's initial charge of "stinking." Reuther was exaggerating, to say the least, in his accusation that the President had "promised" such action. Actually, the President had referred to a rise in the tax rather vaguely in reply to a question at a press conference and had clearly stated that "There has been no conclusion reached in the administration; I have not yet made any recommendation on it."

Quite true. Indeed, as Senator Clark pressed Secretary Flemming to

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

admit at the Senate hearing, in its more than seven years the Eisenhower administration never had come up with a single specific recommendation in this field. The reasons for the delay clarify the issue and go to the heart of the question.

More than a year ago, in a special report to the House Ways and Means Committee, Flemming framed the issue in these terms: "Should the Federal government at this time undertake a new program to help pay the cost of hospital or medical care for the aged or should it wait and see how effectively private health insurance can be expanded to provide the needed protection for older persons?"

At the time, the administration decided that it was best to wait for an indefinite period. In effect, by calling for a moratorium on government action while the nation waited to see what would turn up, Flemming passed the buck to the insurance industry and the American Medical Association. It has been up to them to demonstrate how they would accommodate the sixty per cent of the elderly who have no health insurance at all.

This they have failed to do. Instead they have competed with organized labor and the other supporters of the Forand bill in what the New York *Times* has described as "One of the most intensive and broadly based lobbying operations in recent history [which] has made health insurance for the aged easily the No. 1 issue before Congress this year."

A.M.A. Tactics

Rather than disclose how, if at all, the aged are to be taken care of, the A.M.A. and the insurance industry have argued that there is no problem because the sick eventually get taken care of and because health insurance has made great strides in the past decade and in some unspecified way will close the gap between the insured and the uninsured. They have concentrated on impressing the public with the destructive impact upon our American way of life should the Forand bill or its equivalent become law. The result, it is alleged, would be socialized medicine and a long stride toward totalitarianism in which the private doctor-patient relationship would be destroyed. The main tactic of the A.M.A has been a massive effort carried out through the state medical societies to induce each doctor to write his congressman against the Forand bill and to get at least ten nonmedical associates per doctor to do the same. The profession has been exhorted by its leaders to spare no effort to win the propaganda battle.

As an example, at the Chicago Medical Society's meeting of March 2, among the "Scientific Exhibits" there was a man dressed up as a barker wearing tails, top hat, and fake beard. He conducted a running commentary against the Forand bill for passersby and stood near a cash register labeled "Public Till." The open drawer of the till was filled with gold-covered candy coins. Exhibited alongside the register was a copy of Marx's *Capital*. The barker distributed the coins to the public and delivered a pitch: "Step right up and hear about the Forand bill, yes F-O-R-A-N-D, don't forget the name —he won't forget you . . . the bill to provide free medical care, free everything, and payola for the U.S. government. Uncle Sam is passing out money, all for free. . . . Yessir the Forand bill gives you freedom from want, freedom from fear, freedom from freedom . . ."

The underlying reasons for the A.M.A.'s opposition to the Forand bill and similar proposals are not confined to the fact that they would commit the Federal government for the first time to picking up the medical tab for private citizens not on public-assistance rolls or otherwise deemed needy. Although that would be a vitally important precedent in itself, a new principle within the Social Security system, the service principle, would also be involved. Instead of being provided with cash, the beneficiary is provided with the medical service itself. The purpose is to assure the patient's getting care strictly on the medical merits of his condition, not on the basis of financial resources.

This service principle goes a long way toward explaining the virulent opposition of the doctors—because he who pays the piper calls the tune. Once public moneys are used to pay doctors and hospital bills, it is incumbent upon the government to see that charges are "reasonable," abuses are not permitted, and defined standards of medical care are adhered to. In practice, this would mean that the government would establish uniform schedules for fees and charges. It constitutes a threat to the most fiercely cherished right of organized medicine, the right to charge what the traffic will bear.

THE OTHER prime antagonist to Forand legislation, the insurance industry, is naturally loath to see the government pre-empt any part of its domain, especially since it has made commendable progress in recent years in bringing partial voluntary health-insurance coverage to more and more citizens. Yet, like organized medicine, the insurance industry is not so fearful of the present legislation proposed as of a possible chain of events consequent upon it. The chairman of the industry's Committee on Federal Social Problems [*sic*] of the Health Insurance Association of America, Ardell T. Everett, says: "Enactment of leg-

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

islation attaching health-care benefits to Social Security will be the next to the last step toward national health insurance for all citizens. For if health-care benefits are provided to all those eligible for Social Security benefits, it would appear to be inevitable that such benefits be extended to those who are paying for them—the workers under age sixty-five. . . . History tells us that the road to collectivism is entered through social 'insurance' legislation. The populace is lulled by the cries of those who profess to be thinking only of the needs of the unfortunate few of the citizenry who must have help."

The question of how to protect the sixty per cent of the aged who have no health insurance is thus left up in the air by the very forces, insurance and medicine, that must provide the answer. But they cannot provide this answer, as the experts have demonstrated and as the experience of the insurance world shows, because of the economic factors described earlier in the delineation of the social problem. From the actuarial standpoint, most of the aged are simply not insurable on a profit basis or even on a break-even basis. Small wonder that Flemming has deferred his program for so long. As he himself pointed out in his April, 1959, report, even if the growth of health insurance were to continue at the booming rate of recent years, only about fifty-six per cent of the aged would be covered by 1965.

What Kind of Federal Aid?

The evidence has been clear for some time to students of the subject that some form of government aid is inevitable. A vice-president of one of the largest health-insurance carriers, Walter M. Foody, Jr., of Continental Casualty, conceded on April 11 in testimony before Senator McNamara's subcommittee: "We recognize that there are some people who cannot be covered by an insurance scheme. Those who cannot pay the premiums required to support an insurance program can only be covered under some form of private or public welfare program."

One form of Federal aid for the elderly goes back a quarter of a century, to the beginning of Social Security, when the Federal government began its grants-in-aid system to support the states' Old Age Assistance programs. Under such programs, there is an elaborate and humiliating ritual, which each aged

applicant must endure, called the "needs test"—investigating the ability of children to support; circularizing banks for proof that life savings are under $500; the assignment of insurance holdings if they exceed a stipulated cash value, usually $1,000; disposal of one's home if one owns one, or agreement on a municipal lien; and so on.

Welfare experts have been unanimous in finding that this experience is spiritually degrading to most applicants as well as inimical to their health. What makes the means test especially cruel is that old people in particular are greatly in need of self-respect and self-reliance. The empirical evidence shows that the means test has acted to prevent needed medical care for an untold number of the elderly infirm by discouraging them from applying for assistance. Up until 1950, the Old Age Assistance Program's contribution to the medical needs of the aged was indirect; that is, medical care was purchased by the aged with the cash funds they received. Since 1950, however, the law has been changed to allow state welfare departments to purchase medical care directly for their clients and to make so-called vendor payments on behalf of recipients. Dirksen and Barry Goldwater, Republican members of the Senate subcommittee on Problems of the Aged and Aging, have urged a strengthening of the Old Age Assistance Program to meet the aged's medical needs rather than an expansion of the Social Security law as proposed by Forand. The means test does not appear to bother them.

The rising cost of medical care is the central reason the American Public Welfare Association and the other national associations of social workers, as well as organized labor, Americans for Democratic Action, the National Farmers Union, Golden Age clubs, various consumer groups, and a number of leading sociologists are fighting for Forand-type legislation. Proponents point out that the Social Security mechanism offers a ready and efficient operating device. The costs of administering such aid would be less than the administrative costs under existing private insurance plans—Social Security administrative costs now run somewhat less than two per cent of premium.

Furthermore, as Flemming's April, 1959, report to the House Ways and Means Committee put it, in listing the possible virtues of expanding Social Security: "If the higher than average cost of adequate medical care for the aged is accepted as a social cost that should be shared by the entire community, government is in a better position than private industry to distribute the cost burden broadly and equitably."

Again, under Social Security, contributions are collected from nearly all persons who work for a living, and the scope is broadening steadily. (Even doctors, despite protest by the A.M.A., which has never reconciled itself to the Social Security concept, are expected to be covered by it this year when the law is revised.) Such broad participation means a strong financial base, insurance experts say, reducing the cost per person and the risk that the plan will be loaded with adverse insurance risks.

Contributions under Social Security are payable only while the individual is employed—not when he is unemployed or retired. And the employer defrays half the cost. It is also pointed out that benefits are not cancellable, as is the case in most private plans, nor is there any exclusion of pre-existing conditions—the private insurance companies' practice of excluding coverage for disabilities the insuree suffers from at the time he takes out his insurance. In general, it is contended, the use of Social Security, a program supported by nearly the whole working population on a regular, compulsory

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

basis throughout its years of earning, would mean possibilities of more extensive and more adequate protection than has characterized the relatively expensive private insurance available to the elderly.

THE ARGUMENTS advanced against expanding Social Security to cover the aged's medical costs are principally these: it would involve the Federal government in medicine, thus inhibiting the growth of private health insurance; it would be compulsory; there are still some four million aged not covered by Social Security who wouldn't benefit from such expansion.

The first objection, involvement of the Federal government, is distressing to many, especially the U.S. Chamber of Commerce and the National Association of Manufacturers. But as welfare experts like to point out, very few people seem to realize the great extent to which government is already in medical care, not to mention medical research and education. The Federal-state Old Age Assistance Program has already been cited. But most people seem unaware that in recent years about forty-four per cent of the country's total hospital bill has been paid for through public tax funds. State and local governments have been providing thirty per cent of the cost, the Federal government the other fourteen per cent. Primarily, these public contributions have been for chronic and mental illnesses. Thus, of the approximate quarter of the nation's total hospital bill which derives from mental-care hospitals, only about three per cent is met by private payments; the rest comes from tax sources. In the case of tuberculosis sanatoriums, only one-seventh of the cost is met from private payments, the rest by government. Yet despite the appreciable degree of government involvement, there has been no discernible evidence of government "dictation" in medicine. No responsible expert claims that there is.

The related point, that if the government moves into health insurance by assisting the aged the growth of the health-insurance industry would be inhibited, seems moot indeed. One of the arguments advanced in favor of the Forand bill is that as a supplement to private voluntary health insurance it would benefit the insurance industry. It would do so by relieving the industry of the burdensome task it has found impossible to carry out: covering the aged. The industry would be free to concentrate on an ever greater acceptance of private insurance as the method of handling the costs of medical care for the great majority of the population, those under sixty-five, without having to devise means of increasing its charges somehow to cover such a high-risk, high-cost group as the aged. And by being able to lower its premiums, the industry would be better able to head off the development it dreads the most: the extension of the Federal aid system to the younger, productive sector of the population.

The Four Million

The President's and his party's objection to the compulsory feature of the Forand bill or any similar use of Social Security is shared by many who are otherwise sympathetic to the bill. Doubtless the element of compulsion grieves those who can recall earlier days when, in our less complicated society, the restraints and regulations imposed were relatively few. Yet, as was pointed out on several occasions in testimony before the House Ways and Means

Committee, the realities of our time are such that even the so-called voluntary programs include compulsory features. As students of the health-insurance movement know, it received its greatest boost when National Labor Relations Board rulings deemed that health insurance was a legitimate bargainable element as a fringe benefit in wage negotiations. Health insurance has become an integral part of employee contracts. Employees find that they must contribute to insurance and pension systems as a condition of employment. The fact that the public-opinion polls show that the majority of Americans favor extension of Social Security despite its mandatory nature may also lessen somewhat objections to the compulsion factor. Most important of all, perhaps, is the point made by so conservative a magazine as *Business Week*, which stated in a recent editorial: ". . . we are forced to conclude that the voluntary approach simply will not do the job."

The fourth big objection, that Forand-type legislation is confined only to those covered by Social Security, leaving some four million aged unprotected, is a serious criticism that Forand proponents do not seem to have answered very effectively. They do point out that Social Security is being steadily expanded so as to make more and more of the aged eligible, and that as this trend continues (and it can be accelerated) the time will come when only a negligible portion of the elderly will be left uncovered. Meantime, barring the creation of some scheme that directly ministers to these four million, a more liberally financed and administered Old Age Assistance Program must serve the purpose, they say. In their eagerness to put their Republican opponents on the spot, the Democrats are already devising means for coping with the four-million gap. Senator McNamara has introduced a bill that will at once add medical-care benefits to Social Security and also make provisions to care for the four million. There will undoubtedly be other efforts along these lines on the Democratic side of both the House and Senate before the session ends in July.

WHILE SENATORS, representatives, and Washington observers by the score now assure us that some version of medical care for the aged will be enacted in 1960, it is still unclear how this will come about. Congress won't pass the administration's bill. President Eisenhower can be expected to veto the Democratic proposals, and overriding his veto has proved to be a formidable task. Yet even assuming that 1960 ends in stalemate, the breakthrough in principle has taken place: there is agreement in the higher councils of both parties on the need for Federal assistance.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Korean Drama

1. Misery and Revolt

SAUL K. PADOVER

SEOUL

THE ERUPTION against Syngman Rhee's autocracy may have come as a surprise to the American public, but it was clearly predictable. It is hard to believe that, despite the American blood and treasure spent in the defense of South Korea, there should have been so little interest in or information about it. Indeed, one element in the Korean situation has been American indifference. None of America's major newspapers or weeklies thought it necessary to keep any permanent correspondents here, and the occasional newspaperman who dropped in usually confined himself to Seoul, which probably meant the Bando Hotel, an exorbitantly priced "western"-style caravansary reputedly owned by the wife of a topmost politician.

Even the U.S. troops in Korea were kept in ignorance of the conditions surrounding them. They were not informed of the rough methods, including the so-called security law of 1958, by which Rhee gutted the democratic constitution, destroyed the power of the National Assembly, and foisted a police state upon the country. "Apparently," wrote Stephen Bradner, a young Korean-speaking American who teaches in a provincial university and whose knowledge of the country I came to respect during my visit to Korea, "we do not feel that it is to our interest to keep our own troops here well informed on the situation. The radio station failed to mention anything about the police action in the National Assembly on Christmas Eve, or about the security law or the autonomy law. . . . Since the U.S. Army paper *Stars and Stripes* carries almost no Korean news, talking to one of our soldiers about events in Korea is like talking with someone in North Dakota."

It is important to convey the sight and smell of South Korea—not of Seoul but of the provinces—in order to understand the deeper causes of the country's unrest and wretchedness. For underlying the political situation and the revolutionary outbreaks are backwardness and stagnation.

South Korea has no main highways; local roads, whatever there are of them, are generally dirt or gravel, pockmarked and crumbling from erosion. Fortunately for the population, the railroads, built during the Japanese occupation, still run. But the rolling stock consists of discarded American cars and Japanese boxes on wheels of equally ancient vintage. Perpetually jammed, abused, and overloaded, they are falling apart.

Teeming Slums

A long-distance trip on a Korean train is a memorable experience. First class means a sleeper; a sleeper means a seatless and heatless car with tiered bunks reached by ladders and shielded from air and view by heavy curtains reaching to the floor. It is wiser to travel second class. A seat reserved for two is occupied by five. At every stop, night and day, throngs rush the train. Soon it looks as if the aisles and tops of seats could take no more. But at Buyong and Yonsan and Hamyol and Chongup and Imkok, people keep crushing in. You sit tight, unable to move, not daring to get up, and you wonder at what precise point the human pressure will make something burst.

Pusan, South Korea's second largest city, with a population of about one million, has no sidewalk; it has one modern building (the post office) and no hotels. It is a city of wood-and-bamboo hovels permeated by stench. Night soil is carried through the streets in barrels on wheels or strapped to A-frames on backs of men and women. Pusan's once-great harbor is all but dead. When I was in Pusan, only one rusty freighter unloaded; the rest of the harbor was an expanse of loneliness, and the teeming city facing it a slum of unemployment. Pusan's stricken condition was, I soon discovered, an enlarged reflection of that in Taegu, Kwangju, Taejon, and other cities well and tragically known to Americans.

The countryside is, if anything, even worse off. In the cities at least there is intermittent electricity, some transportation, and an occasional telephone (that is, when the wires haven't been stolen). The villages consist of mud huts, thatch-roofed and girdled in a tight circle by mud walls. There are almost no trees and little vegetation apart from rice paddies and barley fields.

In the Korean countryside lines of people, old and young, boys and girls, trudge up hills with A-frames on their backs, in search of firewood. Every twig and dry leaf is garnered and brought down to the towns for sale. What is not sold is used by the gleaners to boil their own tea and rice. Increasingly the country is denuded and its subsoil is washing away. Erosion scars are wide, deep, and extensive. Unless a drastic conservation program is soon put into effect, the country will slowly die.

The $200 to $300 million that the United States has poured annually into South Korea for economic aid has not been used for the inauguration of any long-range industrial, technological, and agricultural plan. Any undertaking, from starting a business to applying for a passport, involved an endless process of bureaucratic capriciousness and graft. Shortly before the April revolution in Korea, an American businessman, asking that his name be withheld, reflected the situation in a letter that Representative Stewart L. Udall (D., Arizona) inserted in the *Congressional Record*:

"Mr. Rhee's dictatorial state, with corrupt higher and lesser officials, and with a policy of hatred toward Japan, is blocking development of

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Korea as a truly democratic state.... I know of factories in my line of business, a tannery and a shoe factory, built in Taejon about four years ago, with ICA funds . . . and to this day neither factory has been used. Why? Because of corruption, graft, and diversion of funds. . . ."

The real irony of the Korean plight has been the sharp difference in development between the Communist north and the "democratic" south. While South Korea, America's "show window of democracy," has wallowed in stagnation and corruption, North Korea has made vigorous progress in industrialization and in economic planning. If North Koreans had no liberty, they at least had jobs. American-protected South Koreans had neither. Thanks to the radio and word of mouth, Syngman Rhee's oppressed subjects were not ignorant of conditions in North Korea. This was probably one of the important contributory causes to the uprising.

Freedom in the Schools

Another prime cause has been the South Korean school system. One of the remarkable things about poverty-stricken Korea is the extent of its educational facilities. The country is dotted with schools of every type and grade; they are usually the best buildings in every community. Everywhere schoolgirls in neat blue middy blouses and boys in dark Japanese-style uniforms march to and from school. Koreans scrimp and starve themselves to send their children to school. It was on this Korean devotion to schools and love of learning that the Rhee dictatorship stumbled and finally fell.

To begin with, Rhee and his efficient police never dared close the schools, although they did tamper with professorial appointments in universities. The police might close critical newspapers, intimidate editors, club demonstrators, and assassinate political opponents, as they often did, but they dared not touch the schools. So the South Korean schools, particularly the high schools and universities, remained centers of intellectual freedom and, in the face of political corruption and police brutality, breeding places of opposition. I was surprised by the amount of hostility to the Rhee régime among students and professors. The outspokenness of the opposition was in direct ratio to the distance from Seoul, but courageous voices were to be found everywhere. In the course of my lectures before high-school and college audiences I was asked painfully searching questions regarding freedom and democracy in the United States—and what Koreans could do about their own lack of either. Questions of this sort were especially significant because every meeting was attended by watchful police.

One unpublicized session, at which I discussed the working of democracy with a small group of teachers, was followed the next morning by a visit from the political police, who wanted to know who I was, what I said, and what were the names and addresses of those who attended. The American cultural affairs officer, who was my host, politely told the policeman that he could not give him any such information.

In another city, a plain-clothes policeman came every morning to the American Library Center and quietly watched all day the Koreans who came in to read. Their names undoubtedly filled the dossiers. It is not a pleasant feeling to be under police surveillance, as I was. One of these political police, with his gun visible, accompanied me at a discreet distance on the 3½-hour train ride from Taegu to Taejon. I still recall the uncomfortable moment when after my lecture a courageous student, in full sight of members of the police scattered in the audience, stood up and quietly asked me: "Sir, if Jefferson or Lincoln were here in Korea today, what would they do? We need advice and guidance." It was youngsters like that who led the April revolution.

THE FINAL UPRISINGS were set off by the fraudulent election of March 15, in which every single principle and practice of democracy was violated to elect the then eighty-four-year-old dictator and his hand-picked vice-presidential running mate, the late Lee Ki Poong. The man in charge of the election terror, Home Minister Choi In Kyu, later resigned, confessing that he had told his officials: "I will overlook any violations of the law for whatever is done to have Rhee and Lee elected." Violations included ballot stuffing, open intimidation, police beatings, and murder.

Rhee and Lee were, of course, elected. To the students, this was the final outrage. They could no longer tolerate the cynicism of their rulers. When finally they went out in the streets to demonstrate, the police began to shoot them down. On April 19, "Bloody Tuesday," 130 of them were slain.

2. The Communists' Dilemma

ISAAC DEUTSCHER

SINCE the last days of April the agitation in South Korea has subsided and an appearance of normality has returned to Seoul. But despite the momentary calm, the country is in a flux, politically and socially, and many months must pass before any new régime can acquire stability. The nation's economy is in disarray; unemployment is rampant; discontent is pent up; and feelings will run high during the forthcoming electoral campaign.

Until now South Korea has had only the shadow of a two-party system: the Liberals, who formed Syngman Rhee's personal following rather than a party; and the Democrats, led by Huh Chung, head of the present caretaker government, who have alternately been the Liberals' partners in government and the opposition. (Rhee appointed Huh Chung to his present post.) Both the Liberals and the Democrats have been pro-American, though Rhee's policy, intensely nationalist and anti-Japanese, brought him into conflict with the United States. The State Department, having at last decided to drop Rhee, is now backing the Democrats. But already new parties are forming, which are likely to acquire far larger popular support than either the

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Liberals or the Democrats, both looked upon as representing landed property and big business, can command. The orientation of these new parties in foreign policy will be of some international importance.

These parties will not be complete newcomers. They are being formed out of the elements of older parties that have been banned or forced to lie low under Rhee's dictatorship. There were two such parties: the Progressives, banned in 1958, and the so-called Party of Democratic Renewal. Both appealed strongly to the middle and lower middle classes and the peasants and probably had some following among the workers as well. The shift from Right to Left that has already begun favors these parties, in whatever form they reconstitute themselves and however they may be renamed. It may be assumed that any government that tried to rule the country without the backing of these elements would presently find itself suspended in the vacuum in which Rhee found himself.

AN INTERNATIONAL complication is bound to arise from the fact that both the Progressives and the Party of Democratic Renewal have been critical of Rhee's foreign policy and of his military and diplomatic commitments vis-à-vis the United States. Both parties looked askance at the installation of the American base in South Korea and in varying degrees favored "neutralism." If the popular vote were to bring these parties into office, they might perhaps embrace a pro-American orientation; but they would find it difficult to do so and they could do it only halfheartedly.

The Communists have played no distinctive part in the upheaval, at least as an organized political force. They had been effectively suppressed by Rhee and did not manage to stage a comeback in time for the crisis. This is not to say that they will not be able to reconstitute themselves and resume activity. They too will be favored by the shift from Right to Left, although it remains to be seen whether they have lived down or can live down the odium of the role they played in 1950 at the outbreak of the Korean War. Significantly, however, among the buildings the April demonstrators demolished or burned were various headquarters of the Anti-Communist League, which indicates the extent to which Rhee has managed to discredit militant anti-Communism.

Mao and Moscow

What tactics will the Communists adopt? The events in South Korea have caught Moscow, Peking, and even Pyongyang, the capital of North Korea, by surprise. *Pravda,* in the critical days, published only reports of the Soviet telegraph agency, and only very briefly referred to the call of North Korean Communists for "the withdrawal of American troops, the basic democratization of the régime in Seoul, and the unification of the country." Moscow played down the events and *Pravda* editorially maintained an embarrassed and noncommittal silence. By contrast, Peking, as soon as its official circles recovered from the surprise, organized a mammoth demonstration of "solidarity with the people of South Korea," a demonstration in which 600,000 people marched through the streets of the capital.

Thus the difference in the attitudes of Moscow and Peking became apparent at once. The question pondered in Moscow is whether the progress of revolution in Seoul might not upset Khrushchev's diplomatic plans, which are based on "the preservation of the status quo." Khrushchev will not be likely to compromise the chances of his diplomatic action for the sake of the South Korean Communists. He has no motive for encouraging them to adopt aggressive and revolutionary tactics.

Khrushchev, however, will not easily forgo the advantages that might accrue to him from the upheaval. The ideal solution from his viewpoint would be to help non-Communist "neutralists," like the Progressives or the Party of Democratic Renewal, assume office and contract out of the American alliance. In other words, Moscow is not inclined to repeat the 1950 attempt to get South Korea under Communist control, although this time the attempt could be made by political instead of military means. Rather, Moscow will aim at turning South Korea into another Iraq or another Egypt.

Will Peking content itself with such an objective? For some time Mao and his followers have been critical of Moscow's policy in the Middle East. They have taken the view that instead of supporting "bourgeois neutralists" like Nasser and Kassem, the Soviet bloc ought to have encouraged the Arab Communists to adopt aggressive revolutionary policies. But the Middle East lies within the Soviet sphere of activity, and Mao could do no more than record his theoretical objections to Khrushchev's line.

Now the same issue arises at China's doorstep, within Mao's sphere of activity. He has only recently withdrawn his "volunteers" from the northern part of the country concerned. Will Mao now urge the Communists in South Korea to use every opportunity the revolutionary situation offers them and to prepare for a direct struggle for power? And will Khrushchev leave the field to Mao or will he himself determine policy in South Korea?

FROM THE VIEWPOINT of the Soviet bloc, something can be said for either of these courses of action. There may be some advantage, even for Moscow, in allowing Mao Tse-tung to try his hand in South Korea, as long as Moscow itself remains uncommitted (as it was throughout the Korean War) and as long as Mao keeps his lines of retreat open. On the other hand, Mao may find it convenient to adjust his policy to the Khrushchev line, even in Korea. If Moscow were able to maneuver so as to help a non-Communist neutralist régime into existence, then China, without incurring any risk, would achieve one of its objectives, namely the withdrawal of South Korea from the American system of alliances. Peking has raised the call for the "liquidation of the American base in Korea," realizing that this might have upon the Far East an impact as strong in some respects as the British and French withdrawal from the Suez has had on the Middle East.

This is the great stake for which the Soviet Union and Mao's China, unexpectedly for themselves, can now begin to play.

(World copyright reserved by Isaac Deutscher)

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Confused Semantics Of the Defense Debate

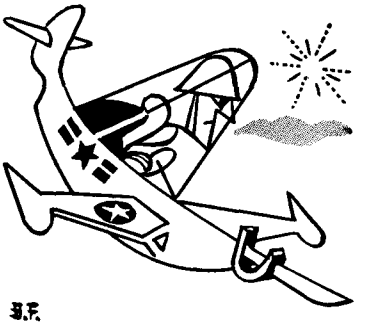
DOUGLASS CATER

THE ANNUAL REVIEW in Congress of the state of our defenses opened this year with an episode that, were it not about such deadly serious business, might have been regarded as high comedy. It began when Secretary of Defense Thomas S. Gates, Jr., went before a House subcommittee with heartening news about the intercontinental ballistic missile gap alleged to exist between the United States and the Soviet Union. Last year, Gates's predecessor, Neil McElroy, had estimated a 3-to-1 advantage for the Soviets until some time in 1963, when we would presumably catch up. But the new Secretary testified that revised intelligence data about the Soviets had narrowed the gap appreciably. A short time later, the new Secretary of the Air Force, Dudley C. Sharp, told a television panel he doubted there would be any gap at all.

Then Allen Dulles, director of the Central Intelligence Agency, visited the Senate Armed Services Committee bringing along charts to help simplify his rather complicated prognostications. One chart in particular caught the senators' fancy. It showed —at least this is what they concluded —that the estimated gap had grown bigger rather than smaller during the past year.

Attempts to clear up this seeming contradiction only made matters worse. Queried about Dulles's chart, the chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, General Nathan F. Twining, who presumably receives daily intelligence briefings, told the senators he had never seen it until after the controversy arose. When Gates paid a return visit to Capitol Hill, he voiced doubts about the reliability of the 3-to-1 prediction in the first place. A Pentagon research team he had assigned to investigate the matter had been unable to find out when and where McElroy had said it. No one, Gates admitted, had bothered to ask McElroy himself.

The heavily censored transcript released after the closed committee sessions gave only shadowy glimpses of the tedious effort to track down the missile mystery. But it did show quite clearly the confusion that reigned among the senators. Despite all the fuss and fury, there was never a public accounting. Republican committee members professed to be satisfied that the mixup had been unintentional and unimportant. The Democrats still complained loudly that they were being given a different story in private from the one offered in public. When Dulles was



recalled for further questioning, both sides claimed that their earlier conclusions were confirmed.

What Can Congress Do?

Much of the defense debate seems to end up in this sort of confused hassle, and efforts to clarify the situation result only in mounting bitterness and frustration. To leading critics in Congress, the confusion of the missile gap was simply one more episode revealing the double talk, the evasions, and, above all the euphoria with which the administration tries to cloak the defense issue.

The administration itself, to judge by President Eisenhower's irritated reactions at his press conferences, considered the whole thing symptomatic of a Democratic lust for playing politics with national security. In an unusually bitter outburst at a recent Republican Women's rally, Eisenhower announced: "Some, I know, have felt and expressed themselves individually as qualified to criticize adversely the comprehensive and painstaking calculations that responsible military, scientific, and governmental personnel have made in satisfying our defense requirements . . . Our nation is the most powerful in the world and only the ignorant and the blind insist it to be otherwise."

The President raises a touchy question. What is the proper role of Congress in reviewing the nation's military needs? In the past, Congress has often performed creditably in probing the controversies among the military experts, holding them up to public view, and forcing their resolution. Has all this changed with the swift advance in military science—a greater advance, one critic has pointed out, since General Eisenhower left the Pentagon than during his entire career in uniform? Nowadays even the books on military strategy, like the weapons themselves, are often obsolete before they can be completed.

In Congress the broad terms of the debate have been changing so swiftly that the congressman finds it hard to keep up. A few years ago, the debate focused on the Dullesian strategy of massive retaliation "instantly, at times and places of our own choosing." As late as last year, a central assumption was that the United States, though no longer invulnerable to attack, had the unquestioned capacity to "overkill" its enemy. This year for the first time, General Thomas S. Power, head of the Strategic Air Command, raised publicly the haunting worry that the Soviet Union might soon be able to launch an attack so precise that this nation would be unable to retaliate, massively or otherwise. The possibility of infinite destruction was reduced to very finite terms.

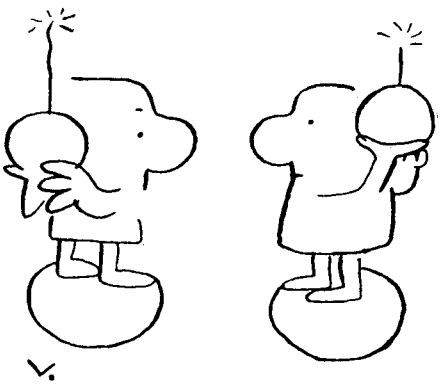
BEFORE such revolutionary developments, Congress has tried hard to adjust its review procedures. Like the state of warcraft, they have become more diversified than they used to be. The once imperious Armed Services Committees of the two Houses have parceled out much of

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

their important work to subcommittees. In the Senate, Lyndon Johnson has sought to impose some order by welding a combine of the Armed Services Preparedness subcommittee and the Aeronautical and Space Sciences Committee, both of which he attempts to run in addition to his demanding jobs as Senate majority leader. But the subject matter cannot be contained so easily. The Senate Foreign Relations Committee, the Joint Committee on Atomic Energy, and the Joint Economic Committee are all pursuing studies that relate to military strategy. Senator Henry M. Jackson (D., Washington) now heads a Government Operations subcommittee on National Policy Machinery which is undertaking a searching look into this field. The House has set up its own Science and Astronautics Committee, which is notably unreluctant to delve into military matters. Finally, of course, the House and Senate Defense Appropriations subcommittees, in comparative seclusion, still give the most systematic review to each item in the Pentagon's budget.

In its totality it is a ponderous system. Recently, Congressman Peter Frelinghuysen, Jr. (R., New Jersey), estimated that top Defense Department military and civil personnel spent the equivalent of 1,200 days last year in testifying and preparing testimony on Capitol Hill. The often simultaneously conducted hearings not only create problems of scheduling but also cause a witness to walk a tricky tightrope of consistency lest he appear to give a different shading of emphasis in his appearances before various committees. Even the publicity mechanisms add to the confusion, part of the testimony being taken publicly, part of the closed testimony being rushed to the press in the statements of self-serving witnesses and committee members, and another part coming out in the form of leakage. Finally a substantial part is released only days or weeks later after the Pentagon censor has made heavy deletions and most of the news correspondents have lost interest.

It is a system fraught with security frustrations. As the review moves in and out of the public arena, the overworked committee members do not always remember which of the testimony they heard was classified and which was not. Even the military chieftains grow confused. Pentagon censors systematically deleted all references to the size of the SAC force on air alert desired by General Power. Then General Twining blurted it out in an open session. Another time, old Senator Alexander Wiley



(R., Wisconsin) put a classified matter in the form of a question, and it escaped the censor's scissors.

The Vocabulary of Confusion

Not all the frustration is caused by mishaps. The censor's criteria for what must remain classified often appear arbitrary to Congressional critics. They are aware of incredible leaks that have appeared in the newspapers, usually in an attempt to minimize Soviet achievement. They suspect sometimes that security is being used more as a weapon against Congressional than Soviet scrutiny. It is pretty effective for this purpose. The information locked away in committee files not only fails to get into the public debate but also acts as a constant mental hazard for the conscientious congressman who does not want to be accused of divulging the nation's secrets.

There are other mental hazards for the congressman who wends his way through the thousands of pages of printed testimony trying to make head or tail of it. The very vocabulary has become almost unintelligible to the layman. With weapons proliferating in such wild variety, the Pentagon has seemingly abandoned the old system of nomenclature that differentiated a bomber from a battleship. The names of today's and tomorrow's weapons may by colloquial, such as Hound Dog or Sky Bolt or Bullpup; of historic-literary significance like Davy Crockett, Little John, and—an improved model—Honest John; derived from ancient mythology, like Jupiter, Midas, and Titan; or just plain bastardizations, like Goer and Dynasoar. How, judging by the name, is the congressman or anybody else to keep it straight that Minuteman belongs to the same species, though of an advanced order, as Atlas? Or that Nike-Zeus is a quite different weapon system from Nike-Ajax or Nike-Hercules?

The weapons are as fantastic as their names. During the hearings General Thomas D. White, the Air Force Chief of Staff, was asked to describe the B-70 for the committee members. The printed transcript devotes nearly three pages to White's poetic evocation of this airplane of the future that would fly three times the speed of sound and break through the heat barrier. A man would be able to stand upright in one of the air intakes of its mighty jets. On airborne alert over the North Pole, the B-70 could be dispatched to Moscow ahead of a missile fired from the United States proper, its human crew providing a means of recall in the event the blip on the radar screen turned out to be something other than an enemy attack.

Is the plane worth the hundreds of millions it would cost to develop, let alone the billions of dollars to make it operational by the mid-1960's? The administration, optimistically heralding the missile age, has decided that it is not and has cut back on B-70 research and development funds. Senator Stuart Symington (D., Missouri), among others, argues that it is. Pointing out that for the first time in its history the Air Force will have no advanced airplane coming off the drawing boards, he disputes the idea of putting all our eggs in a still somewhat precarious missile basket. It is on such conflicting estimates of the future that Congress is expected to pass judgment.

Mysterious Ways . . .

Few even among committee members have mastered the lingo well enough to participate in the defense debate. It is an almost incredible fact that the Republicans in the

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Senate have no one who is able to argue with the technical competence of Johnson or Symington or Jackson. Most remain silent or else stick close to the texts prepared for them by the experts. During the occasional exchanges on the Senate floor, Minority Leader Everett Dirksen (R., Illinois), though not a member of any relevant committee, has appointed himself to counter Symington, relying heavily on his sophistical talents along with sweeping declarations of faith in General Eisenhower's judgment. Even a senior Armed Services Committee member like Leverett Saltonstall (R., Massachusetts), hard-working and well-intentioned, has made some awful bloopers from time to time, as when he assured the senators in 1956 that SAC had a "growing stockpile of intercontinental ballistic missiles." Four years later, SAC still had only two operational ICBMs.

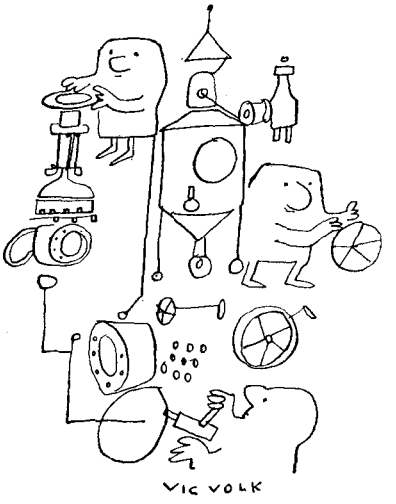
Making bloopers is only too easy for congressmen on both sides of the issue. If the language of weapons has become difficult, it is nothing compared with the jargon with which Defense officialdom explains its priorities and programming. Even the best-informed committee member often has reason to suspect that language is being used deliberately to deceive him. Time and again the dialogue of the hearings reveals the committee member's suspicion that the words don't mean what they seem to mean.

He has cause for mistrust when he comes across statements that are literally accurate but altogether misleading. Take, for example, the assurance given by the President in his budget message this January that during the next fiscal year there was to be "a virtual doubling of expenditures, for nonmilitary space projects under the National Aeronautics and Space Administration." In the first place, "expenditures" consist chiefly of funds allocated to space projects already contracted. They do not measure the future growth of a program as well as "new obligational authority" (commonly called appropriations). This latter was increased in the budget by only a half. Second, the budget figures for NASA included a healthy chunk for the Saturn program, which last year had been included in the Defense Department's budget. For these reasons the President's statement about a "virtual doubling" just did not provide a meaningful comparison. (Possibly as a result of Congressional agitation, NASA's budget requests have recently been upped another $113 million.)

With similar obscurity, the budget message reported: "In the coming fiscal year additional quantities of Atlas . . . missiles will be procured." The fact is that the budget actually provided no speed-up of the Atlas program but only additional missiles and missile sites which would become available sometime after the end of fiscal 1962. The budget also promised increased obligations for Navy ship construction that turned out to be bookkeeping transfers not adding a single dollar for the actual purchase of ships.

. . . and Wonders Unperformed

Persistent congressmen met more evasiveness when they attempted to prod the Defense Department into increasing the Army's limited-war capabilities. In an urgent effort to step up the modernization program for a service whose troops in Berlin are still partially equipped with weapons of First World War design,



Congress last year appropriated $382.6 million more than the President requested for Army procurement of equipment and missiles. This year, it came out during the hearings that only $43.4 million had been used for the purpose.

Listening to the rather involved explanation of what had happened, Senator John C. Stennis (D., Mississippi) expressed to Army Chief of Staff General Lyman L. Lemnitzer the bafflement felt by many members at the way the administration imposes an item veto on Defense appropriations without even notifying Congress: ". . . here is a matter that we can understand. We don't know much about the technical aspects of missiles, at least I don't, but here is something that I can understand—your need for the more modern rifles, more modern tanks and other essential ground fighting equipment which you urged on us . . . It seems to me that this calls for an explanation by the administration, if only it is to be told that you men are wrong and that this money is not needed."

Stennis is not the only one to feel futile. Putting a recalcitrant Defense witness on the spot can be a hopeless proposition. When the committee member tries to concentrate on one particular topic, he hears the witness veer off into another. When he begins to bear down, he finds himself getting into classified areas. Even when he discovers that the administration has reversed itself and taken a new direction, he often finds that the maneuver has been couched in language that conceals both cause and effect.

A classic example of this was the Pentagon's recent announcement that there was to be a "downward adjustment" in the Bomarc anti-aircraft missile program (actually, a ninety per cent cut that in effect terminated further procurement) and a "reorientation" of the air defense ground environment system (i.e., cancellation of the Sage super combat center program). The shift, it was said, was designed to permit the Air Force to "adjust" its air-defense programs, "expand" the ICBM program, "improve" the fighter interceptor force, and "accelerate" space and ground systems to warn against ballistic missile attacks.

In simple words, the Defense Department was killing the Bomarc program, which only last year it had stoutly defended against severe Congressional criticism. As partial compensation, the Air Force was being allowed to place orders for several more Atlas missiles and launching sites (to be in place *before*, not *after*,

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the end of fiscal 1962) and to step up research and development on the Minuteman missile.

This revised program raised a whole host of contradictions. Only two months earlier, Secretary Gates, in response to prodding from Senator Jackson, had testified: "Up until now, with constant urging too, I have been advised that there is no way we can usefully spend any additional money on the Minuteman to accelerate its procurement and placement in operational status." And General Bernard A. Schriever, head of Air Research and Development Command, had answered with a categorical "Yes" to a question asked in open hearing by the Preparedness subcommittee counsel: "Are you saying, General, that it is too late now to step up the production of Atlas and Titan for the critical period 1961 to 1962"?

EVEN WHEN the committee member turns up inconsistencies, he cannot always judge which are caused by honest reappraisal of a fast-changing technology and which are merely the result of the economy imposed by the budget balancers. In the Bomarc cutback, there was a bit of highly revealing testimony before the House subcommittee by the Air Force Chief of Staff:

MR. SHEPPARD: "What was the basis for your decision to stop Bomarc with the last site? What was the basis of the decision to stop at the particular place?"

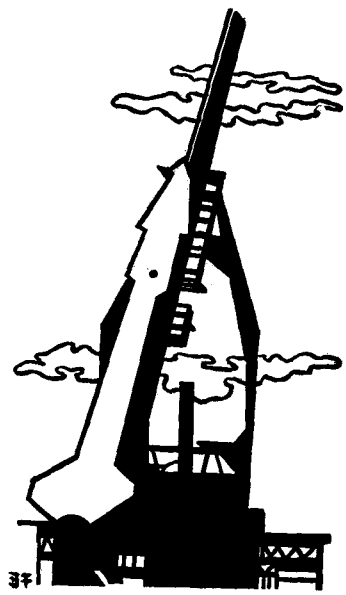
GENERAL WHITE: "I suppose it really was money, Mr. Sheppard. We had to figure out the most economical place to make these cutbacks in order to have the money, we hoped, to go on to these other programs which we feel, in the overall context, will provide a better military posture for the nation."

At another point, when the subcommittee chairman, George M. Mahon (D., Texas), wanted to know why the Air Force was cutting out Bomarc expenditures amounting to $500 million but only adding new programs of approximately $300 million, he was told that the new programs "spend out" at a faster rate than the deleted ones. "We must abide, by Service, as to the expenditures that can be made in any given fiscal year."

It was the closest thing to an open admission of something that Congressional critics have charged and administration spokesmen strongly denied: that each service is ruled by tight expenditure "ceilings" under which critically needed new programs must be made to fit or else, under one pretext or another, be postponed.

CONGRESS can cajole, it can bluster, it can attempt to bluff a reticent Executive into changing course. But it cannot substitute itself as the shaper of the nation's strategy. It cannot demand to be made privy to the so-called "war plans" upon which the armed forces estimates are supposed to be based.

Actually, Congress is miscast when it attempts to perform the stimu-



lative role. It is best suited to review policies, not initiate them. By all the logic of our Constitutional system it should be applying the purse-string economies, weighing the parochial interests of the services and of defense industry, serving as the drag on Executive initiative rather than vice versa.

Senator Richard B. Russell (D., Georgia), the veteran chairman of the Armed Services Committee, has shown a keen awareness of the need for self-imposed limitations. When an associate once commented that the only way to clear up the confusion in the Defense Department was to have a look at the war plans, Russell replied wryly, "I can't help remembering that President Lincoln would have won his war a lot sooner if there hadn't been a Congressional committee trying to run it for him."

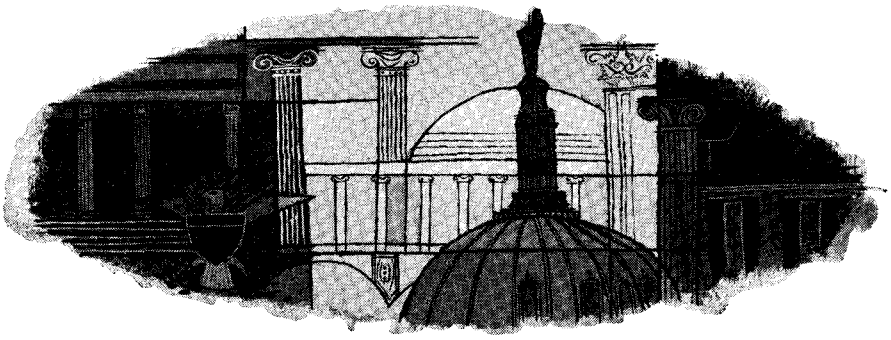
By concentrating on a half-dozen problem areas, the Congressional committees have forced substantial changes in the defense program. Despite Eisenhower's protest last January that he knew "more about it than almost anybody," he soon afterward permitted "revisions" in the Polaris, Atlas, and Minuteman programs. As far as it goes, Congressional review can claim notable results.

It requires considerable self-restraint not to go further, especially when there is evidence that confusion lies at the very heart of the defense policymaking process within the Executive. Probably the most revealing critique of this process has been provided by former Army Chief of Staff Maxwell D. Taylor, who has testified: "Nowhere in the machinery of the government is there a procedure for checking military capability against political commitments or our forces in being against the requirements growing out of the approved 'Basic National Security Policy.'"

General Taylor cites as an example that the services have never been given a clear-cut policy statement on the use, or limitations of use, of atomic weapons. It has meant that in preparing for a limited war "they are required to guess when their political leaders will decide that the use of atomic weapons will serve the national objectives." Taylor concludes: ". . . the Department of Defense builds the defense structure of the nation without blueprints, design models, or agreed factors of safety."

In dealing with such a charge, which no one in the administration has attempted to rebut, Congress may well feel a sense of utter futility. Its review processes were never meant to serve as a substitute for leadership even in an age when defense was a far more fathomable business than it is today. Yet, if only by exposing how great is the confusion that the new President must attempt to clear up, the confusing debate in Congress over the nation's defenses still serves an ancient and honorable purpose.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



The Professionals Win Out Over Civil Rights

ANTHONY LEWIS

WASHINGTON

SHORTLY BEFORE the Senate passed the Civil Rights Act of 1960, Senator Joseph S. Clark of Pennsylvania addressed his colleague Richard B. Russell of Georgia on the Senate floor. "Dick," he said, "here is my sword. I hope you will give it back to me so that I can beat it into a plowshare for the spring planting."

Those who agreed with Senator Clark that supporters of "a meaningful civil-rights bill have suffered a crushing defeat" may have attributed the result to machinations by Senate Majority Leader Lyndon B. Johnson. Or perhaps they extended the blame, as did Senator Clark, to the Southerners, the Eisenhower administration, and its Congressional lieutenants. But now that the battle is over, it is time to disclose that whatever the extent of the defeat in the civil-rights fight—and Senator Clark was probably too gloomy—some of the responsibility lies with those members of the Senate who considered themselves the liberal civil-rights bloc.

They revealed, for one thing, a lack of elementary parliamentary skill. The turning point of the Senate fight was the attempt by a bipartisan group headed by Paul H. Douglas (D., Illinois) and Jacob K. Javits (R., New York) to end the debate by cloture. Under Senate Rule 22, frequently criticized by liberals, a vote of two-thirds of those present is required to impose cloture.

The cloture petition was filed on March 8. For nine days before that, with only a Sunday off, Lyndon Johnson had kept the Senate meeting around the clock. The Johnson strategy was in trouble. The Southern filibuster was showing no signs of weakening, and tempers were fraying among the Northerners. If the liberal bloc had sat tight, the burden would have been on Senator Johnson to find some way out of the impasse. He might have been forced to move for cloture himself, after first trying, perhaps, to trim down somewhat the broad administration civil-rights package that was then before the Senate. In any case, the responsibility would have been his and the initiative would still have been with the liberals.

The liberals took Senator Johnson off the hook. When their petition was filed, he promptly called off the round-the-clock sessions to await the cloture test. When it came, the vote was 42 for cloture and 53 against.

Referees vs. Registrars

If a master strategist had been planning a debacle for the liberals, he could hardly have done better. The failure to win even a simple majority undercut the frequently repeated liberal argument that on civil-rights legislation a majority of the Senate is undemocratically thwarted by Rule 22. The vote demonstrated more dramatically than anything Senator Johnson could have devised that there was no majority in the Senate for all-out civil-rights legislation. From that moment on, it was evident that only a much narrower bill could be passed—one limited principally to voting rights.

The debate was centered on the proposal put forward by Attorney General William P. Rogers to have the Federal courts appoint voting referees who would qualify Negro voters in areas where state registrars discriminated against them. When Mr. Rogers first made his proposal last January, some Democrats said privately that it wouldn't do because it bore a Republican label. They thus chose to ignore Bolling's law, a rule laid down several years ago by one of the wisest of liberals, Representative Richard Bolling (D., Missouri). Because of the natural affinity between Republicans and Southern Democrats, he said, the only way to get civil-rights legislation passed is for Northern Democrats to support a Republican bill. It worked that way in 1957 and, in the end, this year.

The liberal bloc did have other objections to the referee plan that went beyond partisanship. Some critics, citing the reluctance of many Southern Federal judges to take aggressive action in this field and the fact that the Justice Department itself had brought only four cases involving voting rights to court since 1957, argued that very few referees would actually be appointed. Another point raised was that judicial proceedings were too slow and too involved to register Negroes en masse and quickly. Early in the hearings, the liberals tended to favor the Civil Rights Commission's registrar plan, which called upon the President to appoint wholly administrative registrars on the recommendation of the commission.

One day the liberals had an opportunity to meet Mr. Rogers face to face and argue out the merits of the two proposals. The resulting performance was pathetic. When the Senate Rules Committee met, with Senator Thomas C. Hennings, Jr. (D., Missouri), in the chair, not one other Democrat, on or off the committee, bothered to show up. Senator

(*Continued on page 30*)

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MARBORO WAREHOUSE CLEARANCE

BOOK SALE

a rare opportunity for all book lovers to

SAVE UP TO 83%

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY!

marboro Dept. R-597 131 Varick St., New York 13, N. Y.

Please send me, postage prepaid, the bargains circled below:

☐ Enclosed find $_____ ☐ Send C.O.D.* *Minimum purchase $3.00.*

☐ Charge my Diners' Club account #_____ } Limited to orders

☐ Charge my American Express account #_____ } of $5.00 or more.

1414 1563 1627 1963 2537 2594 2670 2801 2836 2837 2882 2883 2884 2918

2961 2980 3004 3012 3016 3041 3042 3043 3044 3090 3099 3106 3110 3114

3127 3128 3142 3148 3149 3150 3151 3181 3187 3192 3196 3197 3198 5263

5901 6277 6293 6549 6617 7334 7365 7412 7774 8593 9653 9844 9972

P633 P707 P723 P724 P725 P734 P735

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

CITY_____ ZONE_____ STATE_____

☐ Check here if you receive our monthly bargain circular

New York City residents add 3% sales tax. *A few cents extra for C.O.D.
Add 25c per title for deliveries outside U.S.A. and possessions.
10-DAY SATISFACTION OR MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE.

WHEN IN NEW YORK CITY, VISIT A MARBORO BOOK SHOP
47 West 42nd Street • 8 East 59th Street • 144 West 57th Street
56 West 8th Street • 390 Fulton Street (Brooklyn)

3044. TRIUMPH OF THE EGGHEADS. By Horace Coon. An unconventional study of the outstanding intellectuals in American politics, Thomas Jefferson, Woodrow Wilson, Franklin D. Roosevelt and Adlai Stevenson. *Pub. at $4.00.* *Only* **1.00**

2961. LADY CHATTERLEY'S LOVER. By D. H. Lawrence. The original, unexpurgated edition that recently made publishing history; the complete, authorized Lawrence text, plus an Introduction by Mark Schorer and a Preface by Archibald Macleish. Hardbound. *Pub. at $6.00.* *Only* **1.00**

9653. ASIA MINOR. By Maxim Osward. Here is a book full of the excitement of discovery, the beauty of form, the majesty of natural phenomena and the might of man's imagination—a full portrait of an historic and ancient land, its peoples, its structures and its wonders. 160 photos, beautifully reproduced in gravure, and 8 exquisite color plates. 9" x 11¼". *Pub. at $10.00.* *Only* **2.98**

3128. WORLDS APART: A Journey to the Great Living Monasteries of Europe. By Tudor Edwards. The inspiring story of the continuing tradition of steadfast faith, good works and spiritual values as they are still lived-out in Gothic monasteries, Baroque monastic palaces and snowbound hermitages across Europe. Illus. *Pub. at $4.50.* *Only* **1.49**

3012. CLASSICAL WEDGWOOD DESIGNS. By Carol Macht. A book about the sources of the designs, their use and the relationship of Wedgwood Jasper Ware to the classic revival of the 18th century a book for anyone who loves fine china, every collector of Wedgwood and everyone interested in the classic revival of the 18th century. Bibliography, notes, over 60 illustrations. *Pub. at $5.00.* *Only* **1.98**

6549. AN UNHURRIED VIEW OF EROTICA. By Ralph Ginzburg. Intro. by Theodor Reik. Preface by George Jean Nathan. A forthright, lucid discussion of the 2000 hard-core titles of classical English erotica kept in Rare Book Rooms and on Restricted Shelves of the world's libraries; features a synopsis and passages from *Fanny Hill*, selections from the unexpurgated *Lady Chatterley's Lover*, descriptions of great erotica collections, and much more of interest to bibliophiles. *Special* **2.98**

2882. THE TRUTH ABOUT COLUMBUS. By Charles Duff. A first rate historical thriller that pieces together the mysteries of Columbus' life and voyages and the intrigues of his times, and also presents the claims of various pre-Columbian explorers of the New World. Illus. *Pub. at $5.00.* *Only* **1.98**

7774. EDITH HAMILTON'S GREECE: The Greek Way & The Echo of Greece. Two of Miss Hamilton's most famous works: her now classic study of Greek literature, philosophy and art, and its sequel, concerned with the era of Plato, Aristotle, Alexander, the Stoics and Plutarch. *Pub. at $3.95 each.* *Two vol. boxed set, only* **5.95**

2801. MASTERS OF PHOTOGRAPHY. By Beaumont & Nancy Newhall. An impressive and superbly beautiful 10" x 11½" volume that presents the best works of the foremost masters of the camera, among them Ansel Adams, Henri Cartier-Bresson, Walker Evans, Edward Steichen, Alfred Steiglitz and Edward Weston, and through them traces the development of photography as a creative medium. More than 150 superb reproductions; critical analyses; biographies; detailed bibliographies. *Pub. at $12.50.* *Only* **5.95**

3110. EXPERIENCE AND PREDICTION. By Hans Reichenbach. An analysis of the foundation and the structure of knowledge, that considers anew the problem of meaning and rejects as untenable the positivistic conception of the existence of the external world. *Pub. at $6.50.* *Only* **3.49**

2836. Witchcraft — ROWAN TREE AND RED THREAD. By Thomas Davidson. A Scottish witchcraft miscellany consisting, of tales, legends and ballads, together with a description of the witches' rites and ceremonies. *Special* **1.98**

7412. HISTORY OF THE WORLD'S ART. By Hermann Leicht. A profusely illustrated account of the evolution of artistic expression from prehistoric times to the present—African, Near Eastern, Oriental, Pre-Columbian and Oceanic as well as the familiar art of the Western world. 5 full-color plates, 301 halftones, 186 line drawings. 7¼" x 9½". *Pub. at $7.00.* *Only* **1.98**

WINSLOW HOMER WATERCOLORS

Beautiful watercolors from the collection of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, in silk screen reproductions of amazing fidelity, made from 19 handblocked screens to assure verisimilitude of color, line and texture. *Each, special* **2.98**

P-723. SLOOP, BERMUDA. Painted in loose, sweeping brushstrokes, but marked by Homer's expert draftsmanship; richly colored in vibrant blues and greens and soft, creamy whites, it fully evokes the atmosphere of the sea against a storm-gathering sky. 15" high x 21½" wide.

P-724. FISHING BOATS, KEY WEST. A small boat, its sails furled, anchored in calm water alongside a boat in deep shadow; the white of the boat contrasts sharply with the shadows, the leaden sky, and the high-key blue of the water. 14" high x 21¾" wide.

P-633. PICASSO: WHITE CLOWN. Silk screened in full color with details finished by hand, on an elegant, textured cocoa brown stock. 25½" high x 20" wide. *Special* **1.98**

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

2883. Francis Parkman: FRANCE AND ENGLAND IN NORTH AMERICA. A selection ed. with intro. & notes by Samuel Eliot Morison. Complete selections from the monumental history in seven separate volumes that is the prime work of this greatest of American historians. *Pub. at $8.00.* *Only* **2.98**

8593. LAROUSSE FRENCH-ENGLISH AND ENGLISH-FRENCH DICTIONARY. By L. Chaffurin. Standard desk dictionary, indispensable for every student, teacher and businessman. Includes special sections on grammar, pronunciation, names, idiomatic phrases. 768 pp. *Special* **1.98**

6617. Four Thousand Years of Beautiful Women: THE CHANGING FACE OF BEAUTY. By Madge Garland. A fascinating record of the ever-changing fashions and forms of feminine beauty from the Minoans to Marilyn Monroe, with over 400 illustrations of the most dazzling beauties of 40 centuries—classic beauties from Greece, luxuriant Venetian nudes and present-day forms divine. 8½" x 11". *Pub. at $10.00.* *Only* **2.98**

3127. KING OF THE FRENCH: A Portrait of Louis Philippe. By Agnes de Stoeckl. A lively, vivid, authentic picture of one of the most crucial eras of modern European history, centered around the ambitious intriguer who was born to royalty but did more than anyone else in France to undermine it. Illus. *Pub. at $5.00.* *Only* **1.00**

9844. HANDBOOK OF MUSHROOMS. By A. Pilat & O. Usak. Here are 90 different species of mushrooms, the best of the edible as well as the highly poisonous ones, described clearly and in detail and with full information about choosing and cooking the succulent varieties, all illustrated in 94 fascinating full-color plates that show the various species from different aspects and at different stages of growth. A convenient 5" x 7" volume. *Special* **1.49**

3004. INTERNATIONAL PHOTOGRAPHY YEARBOOK 1959. Ed. by Norman Hall & Basil Burton. Here is an international exhibition in permanent form of masterpieces of photography from all over the world, with special features on 9 leading photographers. Nearly 200 superbly reproduced photos. 8" x 10¾". *Pub. at $6.95.* *Only* **2.98**

1627. RASPUTIN AND THE FALL OF IMPERIAL RUSSIA. By Heinz Liepman. Based on newly discovered material, here is a full account of the career of the "Mad Monk," including his bizarre murder; many new facts about Rasputin and the causes of the Russian Revolution are brought to light. Illus. *Pub. at $3.95.* *Only* **1.98**

2837. DANCING OUT OF BALI. By John Coast. A story of life on Bali, of its music and dancing, and of the author's adventures setting up and touring the world with a troupe of Balinese musicians and dancers. With many illustrations. *Pub. at $4.00.* *Only* **1.98**

5901. ALL THE SEXES: A Study of Masculinity and Femininity. By George W. Henry, M.D. A monumental study of sexual variance and the problems of psychosexual adjustment; case histories of a homosexual and other variants, male and female and the legal and social problems of dealing with sex offenders. 600 pp. *Pub. at $7.50.* *Only* **2.98**

3142. The Tragic Life of TOULOUSE-LAUTREC. By Lawrence & Elisabeth Hanson. The poignant story of the hideous dwarf who created an artistic beauty of truth, the last of an illustrious line who spent his time with the dregs of Paris life; the story of a great artist that is truly more strange than fiction. Illus. *Pub. at $5.00.* *Only* **1.98**

2884. THE DESERT AND THE STARS: A Portrait of T. E. Lawrence. By Flora Armitage. An account of the strange, adventure-filled life of Lawrence of Arabia—a book that probes beneath the surface to reach the emotional mainsprings of his career and personality. *Pub. at $5.00.* *Only* **1.98**

1963. FAMOUS MOZART OPERAS. By Patrick Hughes. Both opera-goer and armchair listener will enjoy this complete analytical guide to *Don Giovanni, The Abduction from the Seraglio, The Marriage of Figaro, The Magic Flute* and *Cosi Fan Tutti;* with 343 musical illustrations. *Pub. at $4.00.* *Only* **1.00**

3106. FABULOUS VOYAGER: James Joyce's *Ulysses*. By Richard M. Kain. A book that guides the reader into Joyce's world and provides a critical method by which the unique qualities of the book may be understood. *Pub. at $5.00.* *Only* **2.49**

6277. WORD ORIGINS AND THEIR ROMANTIC STORIES. By Wilfred Funk. Reveals the fascinating derivations of more than 3,000 words in common use, with unusual stories you can use to spark any conversation. 432 pp. *Special* **1.98**

2594. THE GREAT AGE OF WHALING: The Sea-Hunters. By Edouard A. Stackpole. Rich in sea, historical, and geographical lore, here are the dramatic adventures of American whalers from 1635 to 1835 pieced together from old log and account books and journals. Illustrated with maps and prints of the period. *Pub. at $7.50.* *Only* **2.98**

3198. A FACE IN THE CROWD: A Play for the Screen. By Budd Schulberg. Intro. by Elia Kazan. The full text of the film, including improvisations made during production and a special preface by the author. *Pub. at $2.95.* *Only* **1.00**

3043. A TREASURY OF AMERICAN ANECDOTES. Ed. & intro. by B. A. Botkin. Sly, salty, shaggy stories of heroes and hellions, beguilers and buffoons, spell-binders and scapegoats, gagsters and gossips, from the grassroots and sidewalks of America. *Pub. at $4.50.* *Only* **1.00**

3149. THE GREAT WEST. Ed. by Charles Neider. A magnificent panorama presented in 59 classics of Western Americana; 250,000 words and over 100 illustrations and maps. *Pathfinders:* accounts of Coronado, Lewis and Clark, Pike, Fremont, etc. *Heores and Villians:* Crockett, Carson, Cody, Custer, Sitting Bull, the James boys, Billy the Kid, etc. *Observers:* Irving, Twain, Greeley, Kipling, Stevenson, Parkman, etc. A beautifully printed and illustrated 8¼" x 10½" volume. *Pub. at $11.50.* *Only* **4.95**

7334. CURIOUS CUSTOMS OF SEX AND MARRIAGE. By George Riley Scott, F.PH.S. A factual resume of sex and marriage that is also an intimate history of peoples both strange and familiar. Here are records carefully gathered over many years, all of them interesting and some of them astounding—practices obscured in the mists of antiquity or the darkness of ignorance, and equally fascinating ones that come to light frequently in our present society. Illus. 312 pp. *Pub. at $7.50.* *Only* **2.98**

3090. DREAM OF THE RED CHAMBER. By Tsao Hsueh Chin. Preface by Mark Van Doren. The greatest of all Chinese novels, telling the story of Pao-yu's love for his Black Jade, and setting against this romance a multi-peopled chronicle and a vivid picture of Chinese life and customs 200 years ago. 574 pp. *Pub. at $6.00.* *Only* **2.98**

2537. 100 STUDIES OF THE FIGURE. By John Rawlings. A strikingly beautiful series of photographs of the nude taken of a single model. The enormous variety of posed and candid shots and the expert composition are a tribute to the art and genius of the master photographer. Technical notes included. Deluxe 9 x 12 format. *Pub. at $5.50.* *Only* **2.49**

1563. A DRUG-TAKER'S NOTES. By R. H. Ward. An account of the author's experiences with the drug LSD, closely akin to mescalin, and of his views—different from Aldous Huxley's—on results of drug-taking. *Pub. at $3.00.* *Only* **1.00**

3016. THE TURN OF THE TIDE. By Arthur Bryant. The first volume, covering the years 1939-1943, of the highly controversial history of World War II based on the diaries of Field Marshal Lord Alanbrooke, Chief of the British Imperial General Staff. A monumental, sweeping, firsthand account filled with provocative statements. 624 pp. *Special* **1.49**

6293. Sartre — BEING AND NOTHINGNESS. Trans. & intro. by Hazel E. Barnes. Available for the first time in English, Jean-Paul Sartre's major opus is a *sine qua non* for understanding Existentialism and its importance as one of the leading philosophical movements of the 20th Century. Over 700 pp. *Pub. at $10.00.* *Only* **2.98**

3042. THE COMPLETE BOOK OF CHEESE. By Bob Brown. Intro. by Clifton Fadiman. Illus. by Eric Blegvad. A feast of cheese recipes, legends, anecdotes and a history, for everyone with good taste and healthy appetite. With index & 150-page descriptive glossary of all cheeses. *Pub. at $4.95.* *Only* **1.98**

3150. A PICTORIAL HISTORY OF BOXING. By Nat Fleischer & Sam Andre. A sweeping panorama, in over 800 photos and rare illustrations, from bare-knuckle days to the present; every division, every championship fight, in vivid text and pictures—the most complete history of boxing ever published. 9" x 11". *Pub. at $10.00.* *Only* **3.95**

3196. THE PROSTATE GLAND. By Herbert R. Kenyon, M.D. Frank, non-technical information for men about a gland related to sexual activity and reproduction and a problem increasingly prevalent in middle and later years. *Pub. at $3.95.* *Only* **1.00**

PICASSO BULLFIGHT POSTERS

Hand-blocked silk screen reproductions of visually exciting Picasso creations, posters that capture all the color, fanfare and ceremony of the corrida. 30" high x 23" wide. *Each, special* **1.98**

P-707. MATADOR. A stunning closeup of a matador in gold and black, fully delineating the richness of his costume.

P-734. BULLRING. A bull and five of his antagonists against a background of the ring and expectant crowd; reproduced from a black-and-white linoleum block.

P-735. PICADOR. A mounted picador engages a charging bull against a background of brilliant blue.

3181. Cecil Beaton's THE FACE OF THE WORLD: An International Scrapbook of People and Places. Delightful portraits in words, sketches and photographs, capturing many phases of the postwar revival of culture—penetrating impressions of Sartre, Eliot, Churchill, Maugham, Audrey Hepburn and Marilyn Monroe among others. Hundreds of illustrations, many in color. 8½" x 11¼". *Pub. at $10.00.* *Only* **3.98**

3114. SOCIOLOGY OF RELIGION. By Joachim Wach. An examination of the part played by religion in the formation, integration and transformation of society, and the effect of social organization, stratification and differentiation upon religion. *Pub. at $6.50.* *Only* **2.49**

3099. THE ASTONISHED MUSE. By Reuel Denney. A constructive and incorrigibly witty view of popular culture in America, from TV and comic strips to hot-rodding and science fiction, by one of the co-authors of *The Lonely Crowd.* *Pub. at $4.50.* *Only* **1.49**

2670. PERSIAN FABLES. Ed. by J. Vladislav. Illustrated With 67 Plates in Full Color. Beautiful volume containing the wonderful fables handed down from the original work in 300 B.C. Superb, large full color illustrations reproduced from the collections of Persian miniatures in the Teheran Imperial Library. *Pub. at $10.00.* *Only* **4.95**

3041. BUTTERFLIES AND MOTHS: 34 Plates in Full Color. Intro. & notes by Alfred Werner. Rarely have color photography and color printing been brought to such heights; these fantastically beautiful plates, illustrating about 150 butterflies and moths, mostly from the tropics, capture all the richness and subtlety of the insects' hues, rich metallic blues, stained glass reds, soft browns and yellows, delicate pinks and grays. An informative, beautiful, even astonishing book. 9½" x 12". *Pub. at $10.00.* *Only* **4.95**

1414. THE GIRDLE OF CHASTITY: A Medico-Historical Study. By Eric John Dingwall. A fascinating, scholarly and scientific history of one of the strangest, cruellest and most humiliating devices fashioned by man, and perhaps the most foolish—the chastity belt; how jealous men held their wives and daughters in cruel subjugation; how women gained their freedom; surprisingly recent and widespread use of chastity belts; a survey of poems, stories and books in which they are mentioned. Photos and drawings. Hardbound. *Special* **2.98**

2980. TORTURE of the Christian Martyrs. A modern translation-adaptation of the *DE SS. Martyrum Cruciatibus* of the Rev. Father Antonio Gallonio, first published in Rome in 1591. This collection of the horrors of man's inhumanity was enormously popular in 17th century Europe, partly for its magnificent engravings, reproduced here with utmost fidelity. Softbound. **1.98**

5263. MAN INTO WOLF. By Robert Eisler. A classic study of sadism, masochism and lycanthropy in the light of Jungian psychology, revealing man's prehistory in his legends, myths and rites and in werewolves, Bacchantes and such macabre personalities as De Sade and Jack the Ripper. *Special* **2.98**

7365. THE PRAEGER PICTURE ENCYCLOPEDIA OF ART. A new and exciting reference work; a complete, comprehensive, one-volume, pictorial encyclopedia; a really handsome book, manufactured according to the highest production standards, containing everything you need to know about all the visual arts—painting, sculpture, architecture, graphic arts, furniture, ceramics, jewelry, etc. This book provides a complete survey of art by periods; studies of the interplay of artistic and social, cultural and historical forces; authoritative articles on specific subjects; biographical and critical material; a comprehensive index of more than 5,000 names and technical terms. *Approximately 600 pages, 200 full-page, full-color plates, 400 black-and-white illustrations. Pub. at $17.50.* *Only* **9.95**

3148. PORTFOLIO #1 including *Art News Annual*. The fabulous 1959 edition of this gorgeously illustrated, hardbound periodical of literature, theatre, music, science and the visual arts; featuring articles on Looking at Pictures, *Wozzeck*, Color into Space, poetry and sculpture, and an essay on Cezanne by Rainer Maria Rilke. *Pub. at $5.00.* *Only* **2.98**

P-725. KLEE: *BLUE EYED FISH*. A superbly executed silk screen reproduction of a delightful composition of two highly stylized and slightly X-rayed fish with big, blue eyes and burnt sienna tails. Predominant colors are gray and blue, against a heavily textured ochre background. Irregular 15" x 25" area on a white sheet 20" high x 32" wide. *Special* **2.98**

9972. THE PROBLEM OF HOMOSEXUALITY. By Charles Berg, M.D. & Clifford Allen, M.D. An authoritative work by two world famous psychiatrists that discusses and analyzes the nature, cause and treatment of homosexuality and its psychological and psychopathological foundations. *Pub. at $4.50.* *Only* **1.98**

3192. Letters to Edmund Wilson, Scott Fitzgerald, etc.: THE PAPERS OF CHRISTIAN GAUSS. Ed. by Katherine Gauss Jackson & Hiram Haydn. The literary heritage of an extraordinary man and a great teacher; autobiography, essays, and over 100 pages of letters to Scott Fitzgerald and Edmund Wilson, his favorite student at Princeton. *Pub. at $6.00.* *Only* **1.98**

3197. CANDIDE: A Comic Operetta based on Voltaire's Satire. The text of the Leonard Bernstein musical, with book by Lillian Hellman and lyrics by Richard Wilbur, John Latouche and Dorothy Parker. *Pub. at $2.95.* *Only* **1.00**

3187. MRS. R.: The Life of Eleanor Roosevelt. By A. Steinberg. The eventful life story of one of the most remarkable of First Ladies; her childhood, marriage, life in the White House and active later years, with superb information on figures from the Roosevelt era. Illus. *Pub. at $5.00.* *Only* **1.49**

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Hennings read haltingly some questions that had been prepared for him. The Attorney General, smiling rather coldly, ran over the questions and over everything else like a steam roller. He ridiculed the registrar plan on two grounds. First, its limitation to Federal elections would encourage the Southern states to divide their registration and voting and thus create "separate and unequal" ballots. Second, the registrar plan lacked his own proposed provision for automatic enforcement through court injunctions. Without enforcement, a registrar's certificate would be worth about as much as "a ticket to the Dempsey-Firpo fight." To this powerfully and almost sneeringly presented argument, neither Senator Hennings nor a Republican of the civil-rights bloc, Kenneth B. Keating of New York, had any reply.

LATER, Senator Hennings got around to the last refuge of the desperate legislator: he said the Rogers bill was probably unconstitutional because it required judges to make what he called a non-judicial finding—that discrimination resulted from a "pattern or practice." In its place, the liberals came up with a confusing series of alternatives. One would have allowed the President to appoint registrars for both state and Federal elections on petition of fifty citizens. Another would have authorized the President to appoint "enrollment officers" on the Civil Rights Commission's recommendation. The biggest drive was made for a Clark-Javits amendment that would have followed a judicial finding of discriminatory "pattern or practice" with either court-appointed referees or Presidentially appointed enrollment officers. Since any action would begin in the courts, the liberals thus achieved in the Clark-Javits amendment the marvelous position of relying on a judicial "trigger" that they had previously called both unwise and unconstitutional.

"It was a strategic blunder of a colossal magnitude to try to destroy the referee plan," one Senate staff member working with the liberal bloc confessed when the fight was over. He reasoned that they should have accepted the administration proposal as a forward step and then worked within that framework to improve the bill. There is good reason to believe that if the liberals had taken a conciliatory approach, they might have had considerable impact on the final shape of the referee provision. They might, for example, have persuaded the Justice Department to drop the onerous requirement that Negroes must try to enroll with state registrars before going to the Federal referee.

Outclassed, Outpointed

There were other episodes that showed a basic confusion of purpose within the liberal bloc. One involved the debate over the section of the bill that made it a Federal crime to cross state lines in flight from prosecution for a bombing. The old Fugitive Felon Act, dealing with flight from crimes other than bombing, requires that the Federal prosecution take place where the original crime occurred. But the Justice Department recognized that it might have difficulty with Southern juries and so provided in its draft that a bomber could be prosecuted in whatever state he was apprehended.

Senator Sam J. Ervin, Jr., of North Carolina offered a relatively modest amendment that would have had the effect of limiting the place of trial to states where the bombing occurred *or* to which the suspect first fled. Everyone seemed prepared to accept the Ervin amendment until Senator John A. Carroll (D., Colorado) raised objections. Senator Carroll, whose standing as a liberal on civil rights has never been questioned, carried on a long and meandering debate in which he reached the astonishing conclusion that prosecution should be limited only to the place of the bombing. At length Senator Ervin graciously gave way and the Carroll amendment was adopted. Wittingly or unwittingly, Senator Carroll had done a job that the Southerners had not had the nerve to attempt.

Undeniably, the liberal bloc was up against great obstacles. President Eisenhower, so far as anyone knows, did nothing to encourage passage of his own bill. The Justice Department was tardy in coming forward with the referee plan; the draftsmanship was so hasty that the department was obliged to submit several new versions before arriving at its final choice. Administration leaders in Congress worked with the Southerners—and with the approval of Senator Johnson and Speaker Sam Rayburn—to trim the administration package.

But none of this excuses, or even explains, the behavior of the liberal bloc. Its members seemed unable to recognize that they simply do not constitute a majority of the United States Senate. Instead of aiming at limited objectives, as the Southerners did, or of thinking, as Senator Johnson does, of what concessions have to be made to obtain a majority, the liberals refused to abandon any one of their proposals no matter how much it alienated the controlling central group in the Senate. A good example was so-called Part 3, the proposal to let the Attorney General sue on behalf of individuals' civil rights outside the voting field. Part 3 clearly had no chance. The liberals' refusal to drop it or trim any of their other proposals before seeking cloture was a major reason for their resounding defeat on that motion.

If someone keeps insisting on proposals that he knows cannot win, the impression is bound to grow that he is merely trying to make a political record. All too often the mimeograph flood justified Lyndon Johnson's contemptuous phrase "press-release liberals."

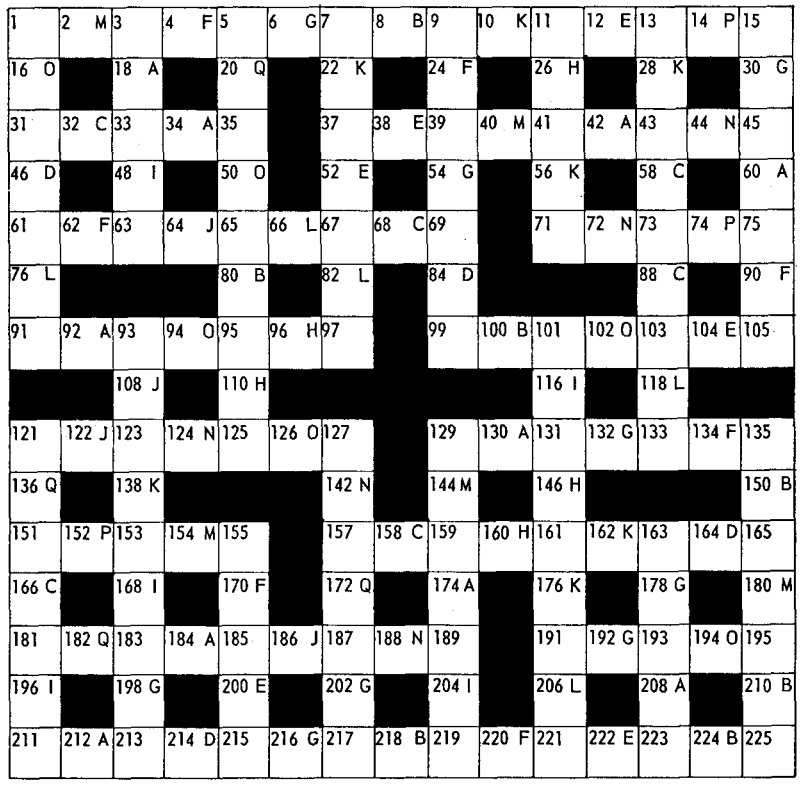
The liberal group had neither a plan nor a leader. The man who could have taken charge, Senator Hennings, was a sick man unable to shoulder such responsibility. He never even tried to bring out of his own Rules Committee a bill around which the liberals could have rallied. Instead they resorted to a bewildering stream of amendments which the Southerners sarcastically chose to measure by the pound instead of by the point.

After the cloture debate, those who presented the petition said they feared that if they had not done so, the irrepressible Wayne Morse of Oregon would have obtained the necessary signatures to file one of his own. In short, they could not control themselves. A group with so little self-mastery could hardly expect to play in the same league with professionals like Lyndon Johnson and Dick Russell.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE REPORTER Puzzle 9

by HENRY ALLEN



A. 42 174 92 18 212 34 208 184 130 60

Chart of climatic conditions. (7, 3)

B. 80 218 8 224 210 100 150

To seek to learn anything by recourse to the proper means of knowledge.

C. 68 158 32 58 166 88

A gill of liquor.

D. 164 84 214 46

The tibia.

E. 12 222 200 52 38 104

Describes Antigone or Jocasta.

F. 170 134 4 62 24 90 220

Complex.

G. 192 132 178 202 30 216 198 54 6

Person closely related. (4, 2, 3)

H. 160 110 146 96 26

Original name of Abraham's wife.

I. 204 196 48 116 168

Instruction for making a mousse.

J. 64 186 108 122

A shout starting or urging on the hounds in the chase.

K. 22 162 138 176 56 28 10

Poem by Poe.

L. 118 76 82 206 66

The third one was Acrostician's chief antagonist.

M. 144 154 180 2 40

Author of R.U.R.

N. 72 188 44 124 142

First name of African leader.

O. 94 50 102 126 194 16

Followed by "cessio," Latin for surrender in court. (2, 4)

P. 152 74 14

Southern Mongol

Q. 136 172 182 20

Acrostician's father, for example.

ACROSS

1. Daniel Guiton, Esq. demands the following answer.

31. Take Paris article from Simon, give him one of ours. OK?

37. Sounding an American writer. (4, 5)

61. Doctor of Theology, in short, hoping for contiguous vowel phonemes.

71. Contains medicine but sounds like a rasp not in the throat.

91. Root of an extreme.

99. Ton jars hold recipients of Greek gift.

121. Give an ell to mixed musk and you'll get a rascal.

129. Hound-dog expression of day seed. (3, 5)

151. Manuel? No, you confused violinist.

157. SOS. Northeast lies silence!

181. British marine against mankind's serious adversary. (4, 5)

191. Train wrecked between.

211. Notable work of Acrostician. (5, 6, 4)

DOWN

1. Scarlet Lena disguised as a swimmer.

3. I part just clear of the ground.

5. The antic lied just like another.

7. Go rhumb line course? No. Nor e'er such an abcess.

9. Hit rug softly and from an erect position.

11. Take 500 from dull and he'll get off his back.

13. Miry again? Not so. It's in the mind.

15. Puzzle? Not in Latin addition.

93. Visionary when you elide Mark.

101. Gauche or droit cell for an aged widow. (3, 6)

121. An artifice, this leg.

127. Composer who is tin to me but not Tin Pan Alley.

129. Scene with 101 for knowledge.

135. Hopeless as pride.

155. He doesn't snore but smells.

163. Tore outside with ten already outside.

DIRECTIONS

1) Each crossword definition contains two clues. One is a conventional synonym; the other a pun, anagram, or play on words.
2) Letters from the acrostic should be transferred to the corresponding squares in the crossword, and vice versa.
3) The initial letters of the correct words in the acrostic will, when read down, spell out the name of a prominent person.

© 1960 by the Reporter Magazine Company

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"The author of the diary and the diary itself are, of course, imaginary. Nevertheless, it is clear that such persons as the writer of these notes not only may, but positively must, exist in our society, when we consider the circumstances in the midst of which our society is formed."

These words were written in Russia nearly a century ago by Fyodor Dostoevsky as an author's note to his Notes from Underground. *The fable is often an indirect, concealed way of speaking one's mind in a tightly controlled society subjected to unrelenting censorship.*

We cannot possibly know which political and moral interpretation can be given to every single episode of this fable by Vladimir Dudintsev which first appeared in Novy Mir. *For us, this fable is immensely significant because in each one of its parts it carries or hides so many different meanings, all wrapped around a haunting and unmistakable significance: the individual's irrepressible will to fulfill himself. We are happy to have here, transcribed for our readers in a literal, uncut version, this coded message transmitted by a Russian writer to the Russian people.*

A New Year's Tale

VLADIMIR DUDINTSEV

I live in a fairy-tale world, in a fairy-tale country, in a city created by my imagination. Wonderful adventures happen to people there, and I have had my share of adventures. I'll tell you something about them because at New Year's time a man is in a mood to listen to made-up stories. We will be talking about the tricks that time plays upon us. But time is immense, and is everywhere. In a fairy-tale world, time is just as reliable as standard Moscow time. So I take this risk in beginning my story: maybe some curious person will get so interested in my imaginary country that he'll think I'm describing an actual, a nonimaginary life.

A mysterious bird flew into our town—an owl. It made several men very happy with its visits. The first man was my immediate boss, the head of the laboratory for Sun Research where I work. The second man was the neurophysician, my old friend from school. The owl chose me for the third visit. That bird was—remarkable. It would not have been a bad idea if people had studied its habits, but they just made a drawing of it for the bird books.

At this time I had already published scientific papers on some peculiar features of sunlight. I had received a scholarly degree, had become a consultant to several com-

missions and was hastening to climb higher. Imitating my venerable elders, I had learned to hold my head as they did, to think over questions unhurriedly as they did, to raise my eyebrows as they did, and to deliver my valuable considered judgment in a singsong voice. Still another feature: I had grown used to taking care of my expensive overcoat. In our office there are cupboards and, mimicking the elders, I hung a wooden coat hanger engraved with my initials in my closet.

Being a man possessed of certain modest talents, I, on the advice of one academician, had trained myself to jot down thoughts that occurred to me unexpectedly. It is known that the most valuable thoughts are not those which we struggle over for hours at the desk but those which spring up like the wind—most often when one is walking along the street. I jotted down these thoughts and forgot about them. But our janitress knew well that in the drawers of my desk there were collecting magical pieces of paper that would burn like gunpowder. She got into the habit of cleaning my desk and fed the furnaces of our office with them.

But beneath the shell of solidity there was a child within me (by the way, this was true also of my boss—a doctor of science). This child with puffed-out cheeks sometimes came to the surface, especially in those evening hours when we bachelors sat in our apartment stupefied like

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

drunkards in front of the television and for hours followed on the pale blue screen the flashing legs of the football players.

As you see, I am here sparing myself least of all. I am presenting many aspects of my character and with full awareness will present still more for your judgment, and will myself be the first judge. A short time ago my eyes seem to have opened; precisely from the day when the owl paid me its first visit. I have it to thank for opening my eyes.

For example, I saw my dispute with S., a corresponding member of a provincial Academy of Sciences, in a new light. Five years ago in his article he called my well-known article "the fruit of idle speculations." I had to respond. In a new article I, as it were in passing, refuted S.'s basic theses. In my opinion, I hit the mark with such words as "It is precisely this that Candidate of Sciences S. is trying to prove." (I knew well that although he is a corresponding member of the Academy, he is only a candidate just as I am.) S. answered my attack with a brochure in which, incidentally as it were, he said that I fixed the results of my experiments to fit a theory, putting "theory" in quotation marks. Soon afterwards I printed a long article on my new observations of the sun that confirmed the "theory" in quotes and blasted S.'s calculations to smithereens. "The battleship took a torpedo amidships," as my comrades said on this occasion. I didn't mention S.'s name in my article. I knew that my enemy wouldn't endure this second torpedo. I simply said "some authors." But the battleship rose up and answered.

And so forth. This war which dragged on for five years wore my nerves raw—and not only mine.

BUT MORE to the point. One morning we all gathered in our laboratory, hung our overcoats on the hangers, and before going to work on our researches began, as was normal, a full session. Our senior and respected boss, a doctor of science, began the discussion. In his free time he had a strange hobby: he collected stone axes, ancient coins, and books. I think that the chief meaning of his peaceful life lay in this hobby and not in our work.

"A curious thing," he said, inviting us to listen. "Not long ago while trying to figure out an inscription on a stone slab I found this image."

And he showed us a white sheet of paper on which was drawn in India ink a large-eared owl.

"I managed to read the inscription," the boss said proudly. "There was some sort of name and then: 'And his life was nine hundred years.' "

"Y-yes," dreamily said one of my colleagues in the group, a dandy and a practical joker. "Even four hundred would be enough for me."

"Nonsense!" interrupted a broad-shouldered, dry, aged man who was usually silent. He was sitting next to me and was distinguished from all of us by his conscious indifference to clothes, by his taciturnity, and by his unique capacity for work. "What do you need four hundred years for?" he said. "You aren't in a hurry anyway."

"I want to direct your attention" —the boss raised his voice, letting us know that we had interrupted him in the middle—"I direct your attention! Such words have been found in many countries at various times. In one desert there stands a gigantic owl of granite. In our locality mine is the first such find. I am entitled to boast." Here the boss broke into a smile. "This owl and this inscription are my personal discovery. I dug up this stone in my own garden."

We congratulated him on his luck, looked once more at the owl, and went to our own places.

"I will certainly manage to discover the meaning of this drawing," said the boss. "Afterwards I will write an article."

"Perhaps these hieroglyphics indicate a man who knew how to dispose of his time in the best possible way," I suggested.

"Possibly. But that still has to be confirmed."

"But nine hundred years of life!" I couldn't refrain from this exclamation. Was such a long life really possible?

"Everything is possible," my broad-shouldered neighbor, who was always busy, barked without ceasing work.

"What do you mean by that?" politely inquired the boss.

"Time is a riddle," was the answer, still more cryptic.

"Yes, time is a riddle." The boss picked up the interesting thought. He took down from the wall an hourglass, turned it over, and placed it before him on the desk.

"It is flowing," he said, staring at the sand. "And look at what happens: the instant we live can be compared with the tiniest grain of sand, with an infinitely small granule. It is disappearing right now."

And suddenly I felt a pain somewhere in my chest. I had had in my life several months of unexpected, unique love; and those months, now when I looked back on them in pain, merged into a single instant, became a grain of sand draining to the bottom of the hourglass. And there was now nothing left. As if nothing had been. I sighed. If one could turn back the clock!

"EXCUSE ME, BOSS," the director of our personnel department interrupted. "What is the result of your, if I may call it that, theory? If time is but a point, does that mean that we don't have our heroic past? Don't we have our future place in the sun?"

He loved to ask direct questions loudly, as if he had caught a man in a horrible crime.

"I beg your pardon if I said something wrong," answered our peace-loving boss. "But I don't think I've had time to formulate any sort of theory. This is all a joke, a fantasy."

"A strange sort of fancy. All the same, there are limits."

"Friend!" suddenly shouted our disheveled, eternally busy eccentric. We all turned around. "The new that we seek is almost always found beyond the limits."

And, opening his mouth (he had this mannerism), he silently began

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PHILOSOPHY AND THE MODERN WORLD

by Albert William Levi

"The most interesting and informative general interpretation of twentieth-century philosophy that has been written .... A splendid piece of work." — *Saturday Review.* "An impressive and, indeed, an exciting book." — *James Gutmann* **$7.50**

SOLDIERS AND GOVERNMENTS

edited by Michael Howard, preface by George Fielding Eliot

"No single sentence can do justice to these [nine] excellent essays each treating complicated and tortuous issues. Suffice it to say that this volume will long occupy a central place in any comparative treatment of civil-military relations." — *Journal of Modern History* **$3.75**

LICHTENBERG: A DOCTRINE OF SCATTERED OCCASIONS

by J. P. Stern

"If you like a full-course dinner, including metaphysical appetizer and philosophical dressing, J. P. Stern's volume is your dish .... Lichtenberg was a non-organization man, an open persuader, and he established, without seeking, his own status." — *New York Times Book Review* **$6.95**

— and two indispensable tools for Russian studies:

AMERICAN RESEARCH ON RUSSIA

edited by Harold H. Fisher, introduction by Philip E. Mosely **$5.00**

AMERICAN TEACHING ABOUT RUSSIA

edited by Cyril E. Black and John M. Thompson **$4.50**

At all bookstores. For free catalogs, write to
INDIANA UNIVERSITY PRESS · BLOOMINGTON

to laugh in the personnel director's stern face. We saw a new side of our comrade's character.

Two years we had sat in the same room with him but didn't know the man. We saw only that he shaved rarely and threw his overcoat on a chair. We noticed that half of the buttons on the overcoat were missing. And finally, we saw that our colleague did the work of four. But we hadn't managed really to get to know him.

"You know, I will now tell you an interesting story." Again we heard the voice of this comrade who was eternally bent over his work.

All of us were surprised: the man for the first time had decided to loosen up, to waste his time in conversation with us. I hadn't thought that the conversation about longevity would so loosen him.

"Only now I must run to the basement and lay out the equipment so that time will not be lost," he said and quickly went out.

"Is he a queer one or not?" someone asked.

"I don't think so," retorted the practical joker. "A lady comes to see him sometimes. I live next door to him. A young lady. I bumped into her once on the stairway. She didn't notice a thing. Blind with love."

"You know he has a unique antique watch. It runs with unusual precision and has to be set only once a year." The boss said this.

"And so, my friend!" Our tousled, graying comrade (whom we had just gotten to know that morning), our industrious colleague, came in again, sat down at his place, and took up his slide rule. "You say nine hundred years. But do you know that time can stand still or it can fly swiftly? Haven't you ever waited for someone?"

"Yes, time can pass very slowly," said the boss.

"It can stand still! You remember the story about the scholars who raised lotus blossoms from seeds that had lain in a stone coffin for two thousand years? For those lotus blossoms, time stood still. I tell you, time can hang back or jump forward!"

As he said this, he adjusted his slide rule and wrote something down. He was able to continue working during the conversation.

"I'll tell you a story now which, despite its moral, will interest you." And as he began, it seemed to me that he turned in my direction as if his words were meant exclusively for me.

"SEVERAL YEARS AGO, in a certain kingdom, in a certain state, and, to be precise, in our city, this took place: one Sunday in the Park of Culture, in one of the darkest corners, gathered a group of sixty, or maybe a hundred, well-dressed men for a discussion they had decided to hold outside. Later it became known that in our park, a symposium, so to say, of bandits and thieves had met, 'legally,' as they say. They had, in this gang, severe rules, and a death penalty for breaking them. Those who were accepted into the 'law' had to be sponsored. A new member of the society had a motto tattooed on his chest—several words to show straight off that he was in."

"What relation does this story have to our discussion of time?" the boss asked gently. "Or haven't you finished yet, perhaps?"

"Yes, I'm not through yet. The relation is very direct. I'm just coming now to the subject. The meeting of the 'legal' bandits resulted in six death sentences, five of which were carried out. They couldn't catch the sixth one because this was a complicated business. I'll say right off who he was and what his crime was. He was the head, the president—'pakhan' in their word—of the 'legal' society, the oldest and cleverest of the bandits. He was locked up in some distant prison, and in his solitude the idea must have come to him that he had never done anything essential in life, or gotten anything from it, and that he had little time left. He figured it out this way: the whole meaning of a bandit's life is

to lift other people's riches, gold and precious things. But the value and authority of things in human society were falling catastrophically."

"Seems as if he was quite a theoretician, your bandit," the personnel director commented ironically.

"Yes, he was a serious person," our

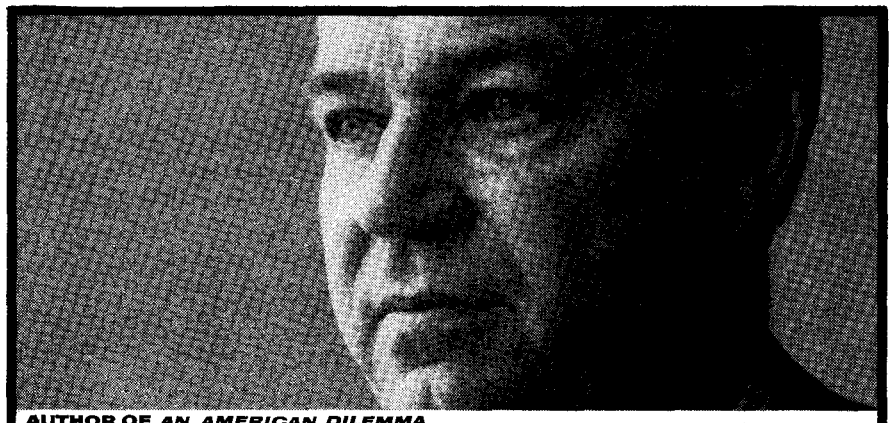
PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

eccentric agreed. I felt sorry for him. "This criminal who was responsible for a lot of misery had begun to read books of late. Books—a terrific source of strength! He read many books. He was in no hurry to leave prison—he was satisfied just to read and think in his stone cell, and his 'legal' comrades could get any book at all for their leader, even if it was kept in the cellar of the State

Treasury behind seven seals. Yes—and so he saw that the authority of precious things was falling catastrophically. Sometime long ago, rich people, princes, built pools in ocean harbors to breed sharks. They fed the sharks on human flesh—they threw slaves in to them. To put such a shark on a holiday table was considered extremely chic. But now we can't even think without shuddering over the amusements of our ancestors. Gold at one time was an anonymous metal dozing peacefully underground. Then man gave it a name and value. It was considered extremely chic to sport gold on one's clothes or weapons. Now no one would allow himself to appear in public with a gold chain across his stomach or even a gold tiepin. The authority of gold is falling. Where is the prestige of precious cloth? I assure you that today the most valuable cloth is going out of fashion. To walk materialistic paths today is a sign of spiritual backwardness."

"Look, if you please, how this bandit straightened out his materialistic values! Tell me what takes the place of things?" asked the personnel director. This story bothered him a little because, as it happened, he was wearing an expensive suit with broad shoulders, and his wife, who had somehow gotten into the laboratory, was carrying on her arm a heavy dark-brown fox.

"What things are we talking about? There are things and things, the bandit observed, and fell to thinking. He understood that the value of things was being supplanted inevitably by the beauty of the human soul, which can't be bought or stolen. You can't make anyone love



AUTHOR OF *AN AMERICAN DILEMMA*

Gunnar Myrdal: **BEYOND THE WELFARE STATE**

A call to greatness. An exciting challenge to America to secure a greater measure of democracy and to shape a new and more profound international idealism. Gunnar Myrdal calls for a more dynamic approach to national and worldwide economic planning which can lead to the solution of today's international political and economic crises and strengthen the future of democracy. **$4.50**

Yale University Press, New Haven, Connecticut

YALE

Robert Triffin: AUTHOR OF *EUROPE AND THE MONEY MUDDLE*

GOLD AND THE DOLLAR CRISIS

Mr. Triffin's proposals are revolutionizing the debate on international monetary policy. Here are radical reforms which he believes are essential if we are to ward off the threatening dollar collapse, and restore a viable system of international payments. **$4.75**

Yale University Press New Haven, Connecticut

YALE

Albert O. Hirschman: **THE STRATEGY OF ECONOMIC DEVELOPMENT**

A book being deliberated around the world. A farseeing view of the economic growth of underdeveloped countries and its implications for development planning and foreign aid. "An important contribution to our understanding." — *Bruno Foa, Reporter.* $5.00

Yale University Press New Haven, Connecticut

YALE

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

you at gunpoint. The soul's beauty is free. It has come into first place, while gold and velvet have taken a lesser position. Now Cinderellas in cotton dresses triumph over princesses dressed in silk, because the value of a cheap dress lies in its cut, and that value is immaterial. A dress sketch represents the taste and character of the person who chose the sketch. It was no accident that many princesses who still had souls began to dress like Cinderellas. And if we meet one all decked out in furs and precious clothes, we don't wonder over the richness of her clothing but try to avoid such a spiritual monster who advertises herself as such.

"My bandit suddenly saw that in all his life he had never had such things as human approval, friendship, true love, and had tried all his life not to value them. Something like a monetary reform took place. Yes . . ." The storyteller's voice was hoarse. He coughed. "But the people, love, and friendship he needed existed on earth. He knew them—there was a woman. But he couldn't even see her. He didn't dare risk showing himself.

"So this man wrote all his thoughts down in a long letter to his 'legal' comrades and announced that he was 'defrocking,' going into the society of normal working people, and he intended somehow to fight for what he'd never known in life but which was suddenly, as they say, his whole existence. The prison administration printed this letter of his in a special pamphlet. You understand, the document was very powerful and it was necessary to make use of it.

"So, look at the position our 'pakhan' was in. During his life he had been sentenced to more than two hundred years in prison, none of which he had served. He understood that the government wouldn't change this number of years. On the other hand, he knew better than anyone the laws of the 'legal' society and was aware that his comrades would not forgive his defection and a knife was waiting for him somewhere. But he had to live at least a few more years to accomplish the things for which he had taken this step. He fled in face of the fate his comrades had in store for him. He was rich enough, and as can happen in fairy tales, doctors were found who knew how to graft the skin on his face and head and to change his hair. They did something to his voice. They were great artists.

"The bandit received clean documents and became a new man. In three years he finished two institutes. Now he is winding up his affairs—his great dream of giving something to the people."

"Well, fine," I interrupted him because he was constantly looking at me. "What has this to do with our discussion? With the fact that time can stand or fly, with what is written on the stone: 'And his life was nine hundred years'?"

"There is a direct connection. The executors of the sentence are hunting this man. They are steadily stalking his tracks. They will certainly overtake him. The man has very little time left. Time—do you understand? And the man intended to live

his life over again for two or three years. What would have happened if he had lived all his years thus? His life would perhaps have been more than nine hundred years."

"You have in mind, of course, the contents of life and not its duration?" said the boss.

"It is clear at once that you don't save much time!" My neighbor was angry. "Yes, yes, yes! The contents. That with which we fill the vessel of life. We must fill it out only with the very strongest delights, with sensations of the greatest joy."

"Well, it is already clear." Again the voice of the personnel director was heard. "This is preaching of the purest egoism. You would like to delight in everything. But I think that it is necessary to work for the people. Well, what do you think?"

"You are backward; that's what I think. One must take you in tow. You suppose that joy and sensation are sins to which you secretly give yourself up within the privacy of your own four walls. But work for the people is a public obligation. My bandit is progressive in comparison with you. He has tried all your joys and he is fed up with them. He now recognizes only a single joy, that which you consider a stern obligation."

"Tell us," said the boss after a minute's silence, "how do you know such details? After all, the man has changed his face, his name . . . probably he is not such a fool as to reveal himself to the first person he meets."

"I am not the first person he has met."

"You ought to give him up to the authorities if you are a conscientious person," the personnel director suddenly observed. "He committed so many crimes and broke from prison."

"Not for anything," said our comrade. "Not for anything. He is no longer a bandit. He's not dangerous now. He is even useful. When he has accomplished his goal, he will give himself up to the people."

Then he took out of his pocket his renowned watch, a heavy globe on a steel chain.

"Excuse me. I should go look at the indicators on my instruments." And he got up. At the door he paused.

"All should contemplate this story. And you especially." And he looked point-blank at me. "I think it possible that you will consider the experience of these people and stop playing games—that you will put a period to your fruitless polemic with that corresponding member of the Academy."

How could I then have supposed that life would involve even me in this story, make me its second hero? His double!

In order to confirm a suspicion that suddenly sprang up in me, I went down into the cellar after a half hour. The door creaked slightly, the door behind which this man sat surrounded by sparkling glass and copper instruments. The sound was barely audible, but he jumped aside so abruptly that he shattered several phials.

"Excuse me," I said.

"You are confirming your suspicion?" he asked, growing calmer.

"You aren't careful," I answered.

"I'm not afraid of you." He turned back to his instruments.

Now when I had definitely established what I had earlier only suspected, I understood several other

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

things. (I will keep silent about them until it is time.)

Not long before these occurrences, I had become the object of someone's incomprehensible interest. Some sort of shadow tirelessly followed me along the streets of the city, followed from afar. I didn't manage to get a glimpse of the face of my pursuer, although he was in no hurry to hide. For his observation point he (or she) chose dark archways or entranceways. He would come out directly into the sun, but as soon as I reached into my pocket for my glasses, my friend took off into an archway. Several times I approached these gates or entrances where this person who was so fascinated by me was hiding, but found no one. Not so long ago the first light and pure snow fell. I was going along an empty street late in the evening when I heard steps behind me, and before I had time to turn around, I understood that it was he (or she). I turned and saw something like a cloak or dress-suit tails swirling around the corner. I dashed in pursuit like a madman, but when I swung around the corner I saw a completely empty white lane. I examined the snow and found no traces. True, I remember that then there floated in the light, airy snow several cross-shaped imprints like the tracks of a huge chicken foot.

IN THE CELLAR I whispered all this to my comrade. He shook my hand and answered, "Thank you. I myself have noticed something. And now go. I must hurry. As you see, my time is hastening me. And it wouldn't hurt you to speed your tempo. Who knows what can happen . . ."

We were both working on the same problem but were using different approaches. One of the two of us was right, one mistaken. But it was worth it to make mistakes that could show the right approach. We were looking for a way to condense sunlight. The product we hoped to get was going to guarantee months and years of sunlight and warmth to that faraway continent whose inhabitants did not know what sun was. On our planet, you see, one side is never lighted by the sun. There, there is only night and winter. That my colleague was grappling with this problem was proof of something for me: before me stood this extraordinary

The critics all agree that "Our Times" belongs in your library

our times

a rich, 512-page collection of the pieces that made THE REPORTER famous!

"Only a few of the rarer *New Yorker* pieces surpass these articles in journalistic effect and literary distinction."
The New York Times

"If the United States has a counterpart of the distinguished London Economist, The Reporter is it."
Kansas City, Missouri, Star

"Here one can review in full color the physical drama, the startling achievement . . . of the midcentury years."
The Saturday Review

". . . has successfully resisted the superficiality and conformity which has blurred the character of so many other magazines."
Rochester, New York, Democrat and Chronicle

"This reviewer was amazed at the perceptiveness and durability of many of the articles."
Library Journal

"News with built-in hindsight."
Birmingham, Alabama, News

"Meaningful essays on our times."
Miami, Florida, Herald

"When the time comes for long-term and depth measurement of the Fifties, this volume will be primary evidence, and in the meantime some of the best in contemporary reading."
Dallas, Texas, Times-Herald

For your permanent collection, here are the articles, essays, reviews and poems that established The Reporter over the past ten years as America's most provocative and penetrating magazine.

ORDER YOUR COPY RIGHT NOW!

FARRAR, STRAUS & CUDAHY, Dept. R3, 101 Fifth Avenue, New York 3, N. Y.
Please send me my copy of OUR TIMES at $6.50
Check Enclosed ☐ Bill Me ☐
New York City residents add 3% sales tax

Name_____
Address_____
City_____ Zone_____ State_____

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A PAPERBACK LIBRARY to help you understand 1960's Politics

Demican? Republocrat?

READINGS FOR REPUBLICANS ☐
BY FRANKLIN L. BURDETTE
Prof. of Gov't and Politics, University of Maryland

READINGS FOR DEMOCRATS ☐
BY EDWARD REED
Publications Director of the Fund for the Republic

Required reading for every voter—no matter what his politics! The concepts, policies and programs of our two parties in the words of men who gave them life. Economy, foreign policy, civil rights, etc. covered by Republicans Theodore Roosevelt, Hoover, Dewey, Taft, Rockefeller, Nixon. Democrats: Wilson, FDR, Truman, Stevenson, Kennedy. Docket Series 14, 15: $1.35 each.

ELM STREET POLITICS ☐
By Stephen A. Mitchell, Former National Chairman, Democratic Party. Foreword by Leonard Hall, former National Chairman, Republican Party. A non-partisan look at grass roots political organization. Do's and don'ts for all voters who want to organize themselves into an effective political group. $1.25.

LAW FOR THE VOTER ☐
By Constance E. Smith, The election laws in every state. Right to vote, qualifications and disqualifications for voting, registration, absentee ballots, etc. LA #24. $1.

RELIGION AND POLITICS ☐
By Peter H. Odegard, Prof. Political Science, UC at Berkeley. Covers all important phases of religion and politics, including "Can a Catholic Be President?" $1.85.

MENNEN WILLIAMS Fighter OF MICHIGAN for Progress ☐
By Frank McNaughton, A dramatic biography of a top presidential contender by a crackerjack newspaperman. Includes Williams battles on civil rights, court reorganization, management-labor relations and the current fiscal crisis. $1.50.

AT YOUR LOCAL BOOKSTORE
Or send the books checked; I enclose $.....

OCEANA PUBLICATIONS
80 Fourth Ave., N. Y. 3, N. Y.

GUARD YOUR FAMILY! FIGHT CANCER WITH A CHECKUP AND A CHECK! AMERICAN CANCER SOCIETY

Send your contribution to "Cancer," in care of your local post office

bandit chief, seeking life. Would he be able to fulfill his plan in a year, even two years?

You see, I'm a man who values *things* highly, and I mark time for a year or two wondering where to start because to start a research project means burying oneself for ten good years. What if the whole laboratory had worked on the project! But, thank God, we were the only ones allowed to work on it. There were many against us in this project. Almost all the members of the Academic Council considered us dreamers.

But it turned out that there were not two years but only a few hours left to this man. The next morning they telephoned me from the hospital. They had found my extraordinary bandit the night before, covered with blood, near our entrance (we lived in the same building). He had several deep knife wounds in his back. The whole institute was thrown into a state and began to call for the most renowned doctors. It was no use. At noon the institute officials telephoned the office of the burial organization.

His death, which he himself had, as *it were, predicted, affected* us strongly. For several days all of us, on coming together in the morning at work, exchanged sympathetic glances. I proved a coward. First I gave way to panic and even grew thinner. I was unable to listen to any extraneous discussions not precisely to the point and worked intensely for a week. But after a week, when I received the new issue of our scientific journal and read in the table of contents the name of Corresponding Member of the Academy S., I then and there flew into a rage and forgot about everything on earth except that piece of paper covered with printed symbols. Nervously, I leafed through the journal and at once caught sight of a footnote set in small type. (The most caustic expressions are always set in small type.) There, surrounded by politely venomous words, I saw my name. And my life turned back into the old channel. Paper, paper—who invented you? I dropped work and, urged on by all my rooters, wrote an article, including not just one but *three footnotes. They should have* completely annihilated my enemy. The whole department composed these footnotes. And if you should want to see us at this work, I can prompt you: go into the Tretyakov Gallery and look at Repin's picture "The Zaporozhians Writing to the Sultan of Turkey." In this picture our entire department is depicted—with our boss heehawing and holding his stomach and me sitting at the desk, in glasses, pen in hand.

Falling into the old familiar rut, I quite forgot about the object that was following me, from around corners, from archways and entranceways. After the first distressing days which, as you know, follow funerals, the dress-suit tail did not appear. I was sure then that one of the bandits who were carrying out the sentence on the dead man had been following me.

But soon after I received the newspaper with my article in answer to my primordial enemy S., more exactly on the very day when I came out of the editorial office where they had ordered still another article from me, I felt with all my back that someone was looking at me. I looked around and saw no one. No, but looking carefully I nonetheless caught sight of some sort of figure in a dark gap in the second floor of a half-ruined house that workers were demolishing. It at once stepped aside, behind a wall.

This was, as it happened, the day on which I was to mark my thirtieth birthday. I wanted to invite my comrades to celebrate. But as you can see, while it was still afternoon, the first shadow was cast over my holiday.

I went home and climbed up to my floor. In the hall where we all watched television in the evenings a comrade awaited me—the dandy and practical joker.

"Well, shall we celebrate today?"

"I'm not quite well," I answered. "We'll have to postpone it."

"It's not good to be sulky on such a remarkable day. Thirty years—man's best age."

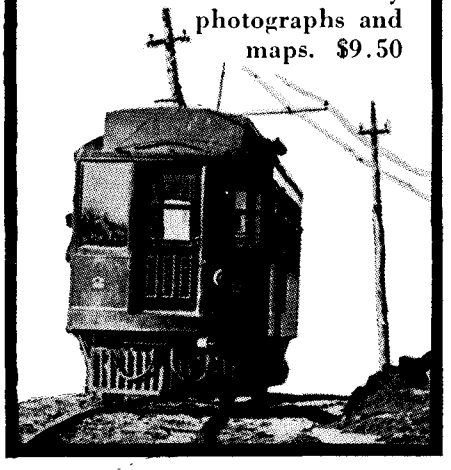
And right there he gave me a gift of a bright-colored necktie.

"Well, shall we celebrate? I'll

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

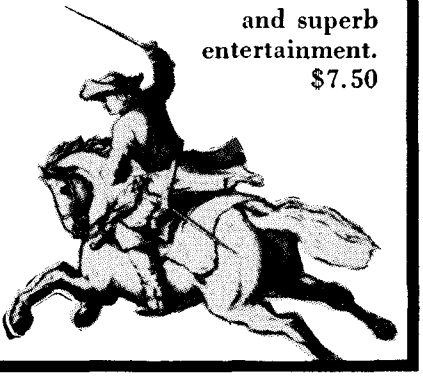
The Electric Interurban Railways in America

George W. Hilton and John F. Due. One of the most colorful and neglected eras in the transportation history of the United States is re-created in this definitive history of the electric interurbans. Many photographs and maps. $9.50



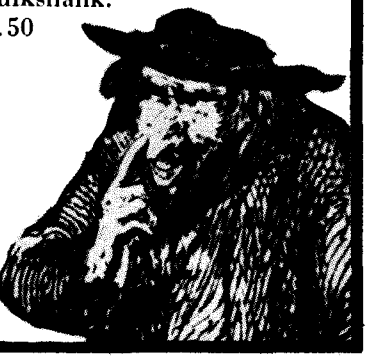
Amiable Renegade

THE MEMOIRS OF CAPTAIN PETER DRAKE, 1671–1753. *Introduction and Notes by Sidney Burrell.* Published in Dublin in 1755, these gusty and thoroughly uninhibited memoirs were immediately confiscated and destroyed by the author's outraged family. Reprinted for the first time, Drake's story is a real find for the social historian and superb entertainment. $7.50



From Shylock to Svengali

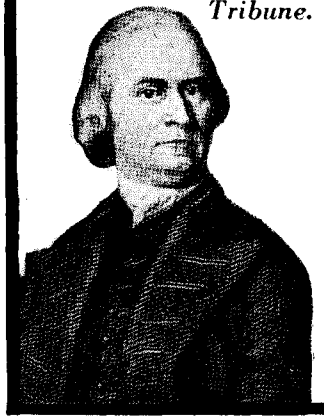
JEWISH STEREOTYPES IN ENGLISH FICTION. *Edgar Rosenberg.* The extraordinarily brilliant and original treatment of this theme brings to life some of the most vivid characters in English fiction, and offers fresh appraisals of such authors as Scott, Dickens, Trollope, Bulwer, George Eliot. Illustrations by Doré, Leandre, and Cruikshank. $6.50



Sam Adams

PIONEER IN PROPAGANDA. *John C. Miller.* A reissue of a classic biography that has been out of print for many years. "A story of the making of the Revolution that must command the interest of every student of history and present-day politics. . . . A case book in the history of revolution."

Henry Steele Commager, *New York Herald Tribune.* $7.50



Pressure Group Politics

THE CASE OF THE BRITISH MEDICAL ASSOCIATION. *Harry Eckstein.* A commentary by an American social scientist on pressure group politics in general and British medical politics in particular, this forthright work provides many revealing comparisons with medical and other pressure groups in the United States. $3.75

Stanford University Press

❖

Please order from your bookstore

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

knock you off your feet," he whispered. "I was lucky enough to get some really rare wine."

By the way, while talking with him I noticed in the farthest corner a woman whom I didn't know. I sensed somehow that she must have been waiting for me a long time. Then she rose and took a step toward me, and I already heard nothing that my comrade was saying to me. The woman was about thirty, with sloping shoulders and very pretty. Her beauty was in the special, sweet imperfections of her face and figure and especially in her direct, melancholy gaze. This beauty was suddenly reflected in heightened form in the woman's quiet, low voice. I at once remembered that other golden speck of dust which long ago flowed down into its place in the hourglass. That one lay forgotten, inanimate, nonexistent, but this one moved toward me.

"They asked me to give you this for your birthday," she said in an almost official tone, and presented me the familiar antique watch, big and heavy on its steel chain. "And this too." She took an envelope out of her handbag and gave it to me.

I asked, "Is it from him?"

"Yes," answered the woman.

I wondered if the dead man had known real love—love that cannot be bought or stolen. But she guessed what I was thinking and stopped me by raising her finger.

"There was love," she whispered. "And is. And will be. But he was not sure of me. I teased him. Do you know what I mean? . . . And when they admitted me to the hospital, I shouted at him for a whole hour: 'Yes, yes, yes!' But he didn't hear."

I lowered my head. My poor comrade. I know what it is like.

Putting the watch in my pocket, I accompanied the woman downstairs and then returned.

"That's the same one," said our dandy softly. "She used to go to see the bandit and didn't notice anyone. She was blind from love."

And he laughingly added:

"She noticed you, though. Watch out!"

I went into my own room and ripped open the envelope:

"They will give you this envelope if I am murdered," my dead friend had written. "You are a talented person. I am writing precisely to you because you know more about me than the others and perhaps value time more than the others. Life is given once and it is necessary to drink it in huge swallows. One must seize what is most precious. And what is most precious I have already told you. Not gold or rags. I want you to find a great joy in life. You should remember the dark continent where millions of people are now living. Let the day on which you receive this letter be the day of your real birth . . ."

I DIDN'T FINISH the letter—a strong, happy thought that suddenly sprung up stopped me. "I am happier than he." This is what came into my head. "I still have half my life ahead of me, or two-thirds. I don't have to hurry. I'll have time for everything."

A dark heavy mass covered my window. I looked up and shuddered: on the other side of the wall,

on a railing under the window, was sitting a huge owl with shaggy ears and gray side whiskers and looking—this was the strangest thing—distorted as if it had been drawn by a primitive artist. It was my owl. It was the first time I had seen it. I waved the letter at it—"Ksh!" This made no impression on the owl whatsoever. This sudden mystery shocked me and I even began to sweat a little out of fear. "Fu!" I took a breath with difficulty and wiped my brow. The owl just sat straight and still, as all owls do. I took another breath, wiped my brow, and carefully left the room. I don't remember how I got out onto the street into the cold. Where should I go? To where my friend from school, the experienced neurophysician, was working? My case would interest him, and he would take care of me.

Walking rapidly along the purplish boulevard as the shadows darkened toward evening, I heard behind me a strange jumping step. I looked back. Someone was standing behind the nearest tree. I distinctly made out a shaggy ear and protruding wing. That owl was as big as I was!

The doctor was busy. I waited for a long time beside the white doors of his office, listening to the regular, hurrying footsteps. Finally, the doors opened and my friend appeared in a white gown and cap pulled down to his eyebrows. He was emaciated and pale from work and lack of sleep.

"Well, what's new?" someone somewhere cried out.

"Nothing." He was nervously twitching as he looked at me and saw nothing.

I got up. The doctor recovered slowly. He recognized me and took my hand. "If you've come on a social visit, this is not the time."

"This isn't a social visit."

"Well then, come." He took my hand and looked at the tips of my fingers. "How old are you?"

"Thirty."

"I forgot that we're the same age. What's your trouble? Is someone following you?" he asked.

"Yes, if you only knew what it is! So awfully strange. You'll laugh at me."

"Do you want me to show you? Come with me." He took me into his office and looked toward the window.

"My owl!" I whispered.

"Not just yours, mine too. Give me your hands, let me see. Yes, yes." He went to his table and turned away. Then he turned back to me. "You'll find out sooner or later. So make it sooner. You have only one year left to live."

The floor collapsed under me and I would have fallen if my friend hadn't gotten me into a chair.

I know that there are people who aren't afraid of death: these brave souls need no protection. But I admit it to you—I was trembling with fear. After I finish my work I can die, but not now!

"I don't believe it," I whispered.

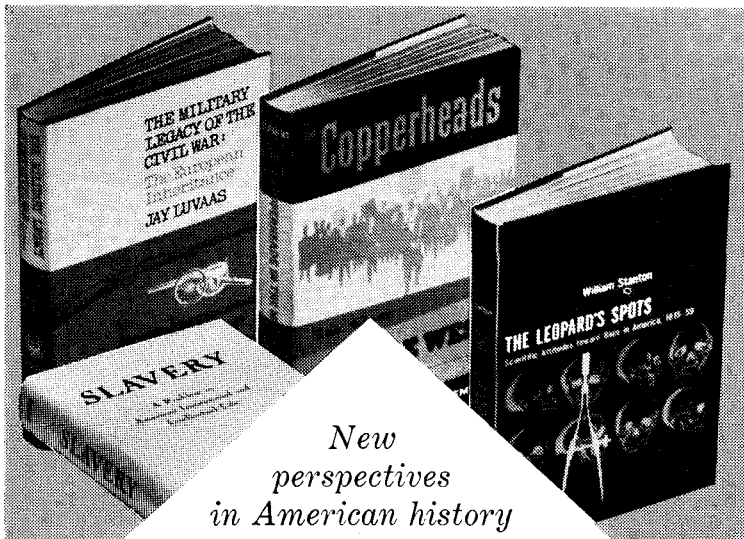
"You'd better stand up and leave," the doctor said, raising his eyebrows, obviously getting nervous. "You have a whole year of life."

"I don't believe it."

"Get out of here!' he shouted suddenly. "You're wasting my time! I'm sick myself. I have only a year and a half myself!"

But at the door he stopped me

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



New perspectives in American history

THE MILITARY LEGACY OF THE CIVIL WAR

by Jay Luvaas. To European tacticians, the issues and politics of the War Between the States were secondary – its battles and maneuvers were of prime importance; an invaluable dress rehearsal foreshadowing the military strategy of World War I. The Civil War as *they* studied and learned from it is examined in this book for the first time. Illustrated. $5.95

COPPERHEADS IN THE MIDDLEWEST

by Frank L. Klement. The conception of the Copperheads as pro-Southern and treasonable is substantially revised in this detailed history that links the Copperheads with the Jeffersonian-Jackson agrarian reform, and sees Copperheadism as an antecedent of the Populist movement. $7.50

THE LEOPARD'S SPOTS

by William Stanton. The fascinating story of an early 19th-century group of American scientists who were convinced that the races of man were actually distinct species. Their attempt to solve the problem of the origin of species helped create the stormy backdrop against which the drama of Darwinism was to be played. $4.00

SLAVERY

by Stanley M. Elkins. A study of American slavery and its devastating effects on personality. $4.50

3 distinguished new volumes in The Chicago History of American Civilization

THE MEXICAN WAR

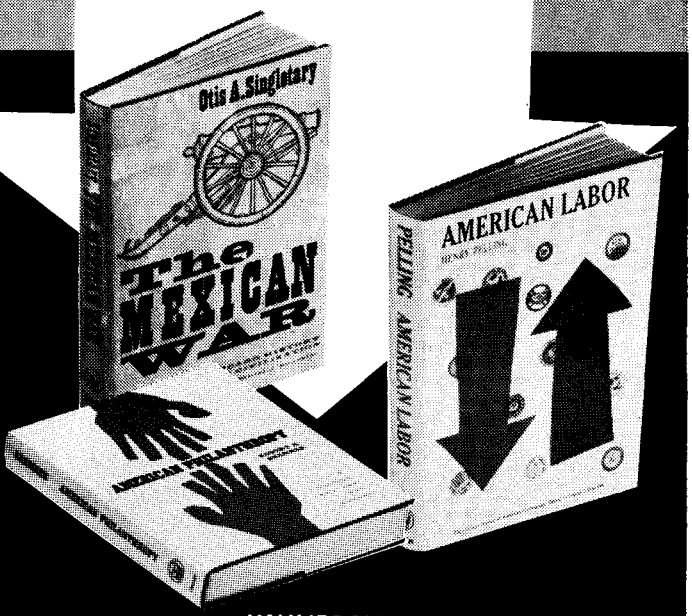
by Otis A. Singletary. A fast-moving history that treats the controversial war of Manifest Destiny in all its political, economic, and diplomatic aspects. $3.75

AMERICAN LABOR

by Henry Pelling. A thoroughly readable history that examines three hundred years of Americans at work – and describes the many complex ways the American labor experience has been tied to the social and economic evolution of the nation. $5.00

AMERICAN PHILANTHROPY

by Robert H. Bremner. This first full-length history considers why so many Americans have felt a special obligation to do good, and shows in ample detail the various and sometimes contradictory ways they have attempted to fulfill their obligation. $4.50



At all bookstores

UNIVERSITY OF Chicago PRESS

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

OF POLITICS AND PRESIDENTS

Political Reading FOR '60

☆ **A Carnival of Buncombe**

H. L. MENCKEN

Edited by MALCOLM MOOS, *Administrative Assistant to the President of the United States.*

370 pages $4.50

". . . as refreshing political writing as this country has ever known . . . rich enough to provide favorites for any taste . . . Mencken at his most rambunctious . . ."—*Saturday Review*

☆ **The Man in the White House**
His Powers and Duties

By WILFRED E. BINKLEY

320 pages $6.00

". . . brings together in coherent and sprightly style a treasure trove of information and ideas about the Presidency, not to be found elsewhere."—Sidney Hyman in *The Washington Post Times Herald*

☆ **Politics, Presidents and Coattails**

By MALCOLM MOOS

258 pages $4.50

"This book should be fascinating reading for those who like to practice the art of educated guessing about what the people will do at the polls . . ."—*The Hartford Times*

☆ **Presidential Nominating Politics in 1952**

Edited by PAUL DAVID, MALCOLM MOOS AND RALPH GOLDMAN

Vol. 1, The National Story	$3.50
Vol. 2, The Northeast	$3.50
Vol. 3, The South	$3.50
Vol. 4, The Middle West	$3.50
Vol. 5, The West	$3.50

"PRESIDENTIAL NOMINATING POLITICS is much more than an account of the selection and behavior of the various state delegates to the national conventions; it is a national survey of American politics, and there is nothing else like it."—*American Political Science Review*

The Johns Hopkins Press

BALTIMORE 18, MARYLAND

and said quickly, almost in a patter, "It's an ancient disease, and in general talented people suffer from an especially virulent form. Passive people get quietly sick and die unnoticed."

"And you haven't discovered anything?"

"We've discovered a great deal. But we can't cure. We do know this much . . ."

And he said this inexplicable thing: "He who sees the owl distinctly is half saved."

And he closed the door behind me.

"Did I see it distinctly? I'll have to see," I thought.

And I suddenly heard something ticking in the silence: the watch, the bandit's gift, was doing its work, counting off the seconds. Listening to their noisy progress, I got out the heavy watch and the carved key. Twenty times I turned the key and finally felt it stop—there! The watch was wound for a year.

"I must hurry! Think of everything," I said to myself. For the first time in my life I hurried in the real sense. That is, I was composed.

THE CLEAN COOL EVENING met me with cheerful lights and the noise of automobiles and the distant twinkling of stars.

"I'll think about and look at the stars," I decided. And the starry sky lowered itself so that I could see its mighty endlessness better.

"All right, then. Flesh dies. Let it die. But thought, thought! Really, will it disappear?" I closed my eyes.

"I won't disappear," my thought spoke into the gloom. Unlike feeling, thought was calm. "Look," sounded thought's voice. "The world of civilization lives for several thousand years. But how long do the things men make live? Machines, furniture, clothing—all fall apart in a few decades. So how have we accumulated things? Very simply. We have accumulated thoughts: the secrets of rolling metal, drug formulas, and hardening cement. Burn the books, destroy the secrets of handicraft, and give mankind several decades to forget everything, and man will start out once more on the road up from the Stone Age. And your son—not your grandson—will dig up something you made in your youth, and he'll pray over it like a miracle of God."

From an unseen loudspeaker a waltz loudly floated over the city. I didn't know the composer of the waltz. I didn't even listen to the music. This wasn't an orchestra but horns—not horns but violins—not violins but the voices of my emotions. And when the ancient woodwinds took up the melody, when the woods sang, then it became clear that these were my lost hopes singing in the stuffy box of my short life.

"You want to live," the unknown composer said to me. "Look what those few notes of music that I put down a hundred years ago after my short unhappy stay among men did to you. Listen; for him who has

only a little time, life is brighter and more desirable. It is better not to have and to want than to have and not want! I loved life a great deal and I pass on to you that love."

Then he lowered his voice. "And now listen. In my short life, I knew the greatest happiness. You know what I'm talking about. And you? Has a grateful man squeezed your hand so hard that your heart jumped? Have you looked into eyes filled with tears of love?"

These thoughts stunned me. I'd never had any of this. I had loved but hadn't been loved. I hadn't known great friendship, nor deserved men's gratitude. I lowered my head and no longer listened to the music. The fires faded around me. I heard only one thing—the ticking of the watch. This watch, the bandit's gift, was doing its work, counting off time, my seconds: "Your whole life is ahead of you! A whole year! You were just born! You're younger than you were! Run faster to your work . . . to your friend and love!"

I began to run and jumped into a taxi. "Faster, faster—to the laboratory!" The driver looked back in amazement at his extraordinary passenger as he shifted into third.

Leaving the car at the entrance, I ran in and up the stairs. In the corridor, near the hotly burning stove, head down, my old janitress was asleep on a chair. I woke her.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Give me all my papers! The ones I gave you today, this morning. I gave you a whole basketful."

"Oh, dear man!"

I groaned and ran to the incinerator.

"Everything's burned. They burned nicely. Only your papers burn so nicely. You see I got so warm I even fell asleep!"

Tick, tick, tick, the bandit's watch said in my pocket. Biting my lips, I went into my office and began to carry my boxes of instruments out to the street, to the taxi. I had decided to set up a workplace in my home, to work at night. I wanted to be worthy of the deepest gratitude of the people, and I hadn't even begun.

WHEN I APPEARED on the doorstep of our bachelor apartment carrying my boxes there were several men sitting, as usual, around the television in the living room.

"So, it's been decided that we'll celebrate," the practical joker said to me.

He was turning the knobs of the television set. There on the glass screen the legs of the football players flashed. The fans stood stock-still, their eyes enlarged unnaturally. I heard the ticking of the watch and understood. If our set worked uninterruptedly for two thousand years, these five men would sit there and not move and would be preserved for their descendants like the lotus seeds.

I moved several men and chairs to get them out of the way of my boxes and carried my things into my room and dismissed the cabbie.

At home my owl was sitting in its place under the window. Now I viewed it calmly. It was visible in the clear light of the lamp. Did I see it distinctly? I went to the window. We looked at each other for a while. Then it moved along the railing and back, exactly as they do in the zoo. Bending over, it raised its yellow three-taloned foot, which looked as if it had been dipped in wax, and, as fast as a chicken, combed its beak with its talon. Then it settled down again in a vertical position and fixed on me two cruel circles—its eyes. I saw my owl distinctly!

Then I came to and began to open my boxes and set out my equip-

AMERICA CHALLENGED

by Justice William O. Douglas

— A dare to "revolt against regimes that have fed us tranquilizers"

— A charge against the forces of conformity *and* communism

— A call for Americans to face the hard truths of survival. $2.50

THE POLITICS OF THE DEVELOPING AREAS

Edited by Gabriel Almond and James S. Coleman. This comparative study of the political systems of nations in Asia, Africa, the Near East, and Latin America surveys governmental and authoritative structures, the process of change, and the means of political integration. $10.00

INDIA:

The Most Dangerous Decades

By Selig S. Harrison. A comprehensive analysis of the divisive influences at work today in India — showing how that nation may be split into a number of small totalitarian states, unless a popular democratic leader succeeds to office when Nehru steps down. $6.50

CEYLON:

Dilemmas of a New Nation

By W. Howard Wriggins. An on-the-spot report of political conditions in Ceylon today, and an intensive discussion of the economic, historic, and social factors which will influence its future. $10.00

At your bookstore

Princeton University Press

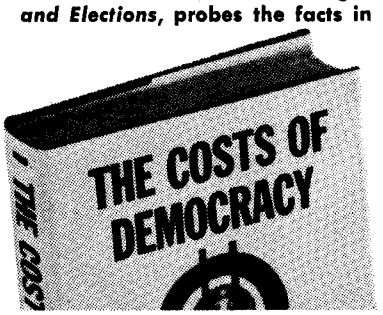
Princeton, New Jersey

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Does money win elections?

ALEXANDER HEARD,

***former consultant to the U. S. Senate Subcommittee on Privileges and Elections,* probes the facts in**

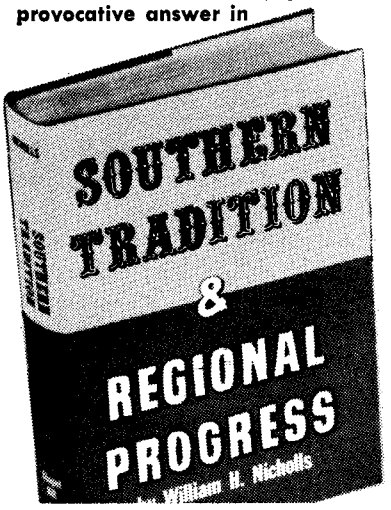


The most thorough and revealing investigation of campaign financing ever made. The author's abstracts of official election reports, no longer available elsewhere, and off-the-record interviews with over 600 politicians are two important sources of this monumental and timely work. $6.00

Is Southern tradition a stepping stone— or a ball-and-chain?

WILLIAM H. NICHOLLS,

***Past-president of the Southern Economic Association,* gives a provocative answer in**



A penetrating analysis, by a leading economist, of key social, geographical and political factors in the South's heritage. Mr. Nicholls shows how these factors have obstructed the region's material and economic progress in the past – and how they stand in the way of future Southern prosperity. In contrast, he presents a positive program for Southern economic development. $5.00

At all bookstores

THE UNIVERSITY OF NORTH CAROLINA PRESS Chapel Hill

ment. Within five minutes my room sparkled with glass and copper; it had become a laboratory.

"Will I succeed?" I wondered. "I need at least ten years."

I tried to recall something of the ideas that had been burned up at various times in the laboratory's incinerator. I tried to write them down again, but nothing came.

That would have cut my work in half.

Then I saw the note from the bandit on the floor where I had thrown it earlier. Several lines I had not read at all, and as it happened, these were the lines which stared up at me from the floor:

"I can be of use to you. Did you understand what was said about the bandit? Then ask the woman standing in front of you, and she'll give you the notebook in which I wrote down all the ideas that you have been burning in the stove for two years. I wanted you to use them, but you know you didn't need them then."

"Where can I find her now?" I shouted, dropping the letter. Then I saw the words "her telephone . . ."

A few seconds later I was standing, as in a fairy tale, among the slow-breathing, wide-eyed men hypnotized by the television set. I put the telephone on one of their shoulders and dialed. Several rings, and then her voice.

FROM THAT MOMENT began a new chapter in my new—short—life. It began with a misunderstanding, thanks to my behavior.

"Why didn't you answer?" These words burst from me before I could think how rude they were. "Where is the notebook? Why didn't you give it to me?"

"You didn't ask for it," she answered. "You didn't even read the letter. It said in the note, if you . . ."

"It's obvious that you don't value time!" I burst out. "Forgive me."

And there was silence.

"Why don't you say something?" I shouted again. "The notebook!"

"I'm coming," said the quiet, tender voice.

When I heard her steps I understood suddenly that I was waiting for more than the notebook. From the moment when I saw the woman for the first time, I had been drawn to her as a sliver of wood is drawn to a waterfall. Hadn't the second golden grain of sand dropped into the neck of the hourglass, and wouldn't it pass through in another instant? Let time fly? But from now on this feeling couldn't exist for me. All beautiful women love to be pursued, and they are right. You all the more so. You haven't forgotten the one to whom you cried, "Yes, yes, yes," and my ordinary face couldn't possibly dim in your memory the face of that exotic, unbelievable man. I am dead as far as love is concerned.

Then she opened the door and came in—a short, quiet beauty with sloping shoulders. "I love you!" my whole being shouted. I understood that the childhood of my new life had passed and that I was now an

adolescent. And I heard a chilling noise at the window—and I didn't even have to turn to look. I knew.

Having hardly greeted the woman, I grabbed the notebook from her hand, turned my back on her, opened the book, and saw the rough draft and the calculations, the very same ones I had recklessly thrown away and burned. I leafed through the notebook. So! Not ten years, but eight! I'll work at the institute and at home. That makes two years. I'll set up the experiments so that they'll go in several directions at once. Day and night.

"Why are you hurrying?" the woman asked, seeing how quickly I was getting my equipment together and all set up.

"I have little time left," I said and stopped short. "Life is short and I have much work. I'm in a hurry."

I set up all the apparatus and started a bright fire in the retorts. Limpid boiling streams began to run through the glass tubes, and rare essences began to form in the crucible.

My owl was sleeping under the window with its head under its wing. I decided to check one thing and rid myself of my last doubt.

"What is that under the window?" I asked the woman unexpectedly and pointed to the owl.

At these words the huge bird raised its head and rapidly blinked

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

its yellow eyes. The woman went to the window, leaned against the glass, and shielded her eyes from the light.

"There is no one there," she said smiling. But suddenly she fell silent. She began to look at me intently, biting her lip, as if struck by some sort of new thought. "There is no one there," she repeated. "But have you seen anyone? Are they following you?"

"No, not that." I dodged answering.

And suddenly she asked me a question. Her turn had come to surprise me, to nonplus me. She asked, "Why did you change rooms?"

I was taken aback but stiffened and did not answer her. I was already living in the grip of a new discipline. I began to twirl the knob of my old arithmometer—I had to make some calculations. The woman didn't turn away from me, stared at me.

AFTER ABOUT AN HOUR she couldn't restrain herself and began to laugh quietly.

"At least tell me where you are hurrying to."

"Where? One man—you know of whom I'm speaking—probably already told you where he was hurrying."

"He told . . ."

"Well, that's where I'm hurrying. I've lived an entire life and haven't yet done a thing. But I can give something to the people. I will have no rest on earth until someone squeezes my hand so that my heart jumps. I will work for him. He will come—and that will be a happy day."

She must have liked these words. She grew silent, but then again took herself in hand.

"Why are you wasting time? That's hardly like you. Why, you have a new, perfected calculating machine."

More surprises! What sort of new machine? I again didn't answer her. Then she took me by the hand and led me toward the door.

"What now?" I stopped.

"Don't lose time," she said, mimicking me. "Don't be afraid! I can win time for you."

She dragged me into the other apartment, where a month ago my unusual comrade the bandit had lived. She took out a key, opened the door of his room, switched on the light, and turned away from me, hiding a smile. For I was really beaming. In the room stood the most expensive new equipment, precisely the sort I needed. I began to inspect it, to move it about, and quite forgot about my companion.

"Aren't you ashamed?" I suddenly heard her voice. "Pretending that you've never seen these things."

Again after her own goal.

"What do you mean by that?" I asked sharply.

"Well, you must have at least dropped in on your comrade," she answered evasively. "Is it possible that you didn't even see this?"

On the window sill, in a tank, there was growing a large white flower which had a strong scent but which was unfamiliar to me. The woman led me to it. She looked at me intently. And suddenly I remembered.

"This is a lotus. It was cultivated from the seed that lay in the tomb two thousand . . ."

"Ah ha!" she said in delight. "I grade you 'A plus.' And are you familiar with this?"

And she handed me a small calculator of the latest model—the sort of which I hadn't even dared to dream. This instrument could replace a whole department of men working with arithmometers.

"Can I take this?" I couldn't restrain myself.

"You are wasting time!" She raised her voice, mimicking now the bandit, now me. "Yes, yes. yes. This is all yours. All the equipment. Even the lotus!"

It seemed to me that she had become insulted at something.

"Well, it's clear," she suddenly said thoughtfully. "You changed your face, your voice, and had to change rooms so that no one would know, no one say anything. . . . Even friends. . . ."

Earlier I would have mused over these words. But I've already said I was in the grip of a new discipline that set up everything in my head in a new way. I simply dismissed her chatter.

In a single night I had made a huge leap forward in my work. I became convinced that my old hypotheses were correct. If I went ahead on this track, I would get my

The Communist Party of the Soviet Union

By Leonard Schapiro. "A *must* for any responsible citizen who is attempting to fathom the purposes and methods of the Communist leadership in Russia today . . . authoritative, comprehensive, and highly readable." — PHILIP E. MOSELY, *Director of Studies, Council on Foreign Relations, Inc.* $7.50

Hats in the Ring

By Malcolm Moos and Stephen Hess. A lively, timely book on what really goes on at political conventions, backstage and on-stage, from 1832 to the present. With many nostalgic cartoons. $3.50

W. H. Auden

HOMAGE TO CLIO

A distinguished literary event: a new volume of poems by one of the world's greatest living poets. $3.50

In Defense of Ignorance

By Karl Shapiro. These essays may form the cornerstone of a new revolution in poetry. $4.00

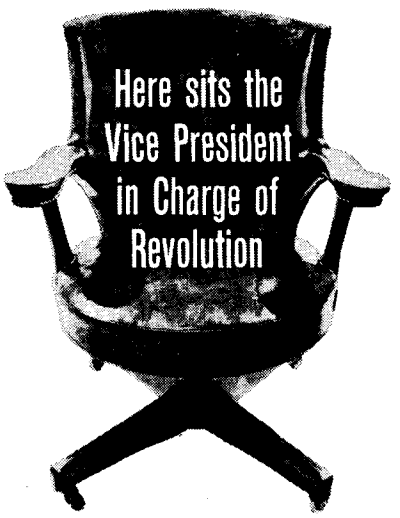
Franz Alexander, M.D.

THE WESTERN MIND IN TRANSITION

The changing nature of man since the beginning of the 20th century is appraised by the eminent psychoanalyst and social philosopher. $5.00

AT YOUR BOOKSTORE • RANDOM HOUSE

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



THIS is the story of a man, an idea, and an ideal. Murray D. Lincoln is a business executive who proposes a new declaration of economic independence. "His autobiography makes Horatio Alger look like a piker. This is a book of unlimited human interest and enormous business value."
—ADOLF A. BERLE, JR.

VICE PRESIDENT IN CHARGE OF REVOLUTION
By MURRAY D. LINCOLN,
as told to David Karp
$4.95, now at your bookstore • McGRAW-HILL

1600 PENNSYLVANIA AVENUE

The man who enters the White House will discover that the Presidency has changed tremendously . . .

WALTER JOHNSON
shows what has happened and why — in his timely book

In this penetrating study of the Presidency, Professor Walter Johnson, one of America's most experienced political analysts, shows the profound changes four Presidents have wrought — Hoover, F.D.R., Truman and Eisenhower. He shows, with a keen eye for detail, how economic and political forces, and the individual personalities of each of these recent Presidents brought about significant changes in the Presidency and its role in the government of the United States. $6.00

1600 Pennsylvania Avenue
Presidents and the People, 1929-1959
By WALTER JOHNSON
LITTLE, BROWN & COMPANY • Boston

first results in eight months, and then it would be possible to throw the entire institute into the work. All the skeptics would lay down their arms.

NOTICING NOTHING around me, full of the most joyous hopes, I went in the morning to our laboratory. While still at the door I heard the gay noise. It seems that my opponent S. had already squeezed out an answer to my article.

"What tactics!" exclaimed our boss, and after each of his words gaily threatening noises surged up.

They were all standing around my desk. The boss was chuckling, holding his belly; and there was missing from the famous picture only the scribe with his pen behind his ear—that is, myself.

"Well, dear warrior, now it's your turn," said the boss, laying the newspaper excerpt before me on the desk.

But I surprised them. I didn't even begin to read the article of this S., who seemed to me now simply a naïve and in no way dangerous crank. He no longer kindled my blood; another fire burned in it. I waved him away like a mosquito. But I should say—getting ahead of the story—that this S. continued for a long time to print his articles specially for me. In one footnote he wrote that I had become silent from shame, in another that I had donned the blinkers of silence, that I was serving my time in the bush, that I had hidden my head like an ostrich. He crowed from afar and clapped his wings like a rooster, enticing me to continue the battle.

Watching me put the newspaper clipping aside, my comrades exchanged glances.

"What's the matter with you?" asked the amazed practical joker. "Look, he hasn't shaved, it seems. Friends, he has thrown his coat on a chair. So that's how it is! His coat is missing two buttons. Don't you think he's changed? He's beginning to look like the one who used to sit beside him."

He looked pointedly at the bandit's empty chair.

And it was true; my character had changed greatly. I had become a different person. I suddenly forgot all my mannerisms of a great scientist. I stopped talking in a singsong voice, stopped running around cooing over stupid questions. I moved continuously in an intense dreamlike state. A new desire for life awoke in me. And how strangely my ideas of pleasure had changed!

What were my pleasures? To look at her all the time. She set herself up excellently in my room; brought over her bed and pillow, and worked at the experiments day and night. I don't even know when she slept. I enjoyed watching her from afar as she sat at the table. I fell in love with the thrust of her head and neck; she looked like a mother bending over her child.

And looking at the lines of her head and neck and sloping shoulders, at the sweet arc by which I always recognized her, I dreamed; I wanted her to turn around and look at me. She would always obey my silent order and turn around, resting her chin on her shoulder. But something would always bother her, and she would turn back to her work.

WE HAD ONE RULE: if we were waiting for a result in our work, we had to take a walk for an hour or two —to an exhibition, to the opera, or to a concert. One night, after leaving the apparatus and putting away the equipment, she took me by the hand.

"We have some free time. A whole hour. Can you give it to me?"

I thought, "Very good, it's yours."

We went out. She was taking me somewhere down a dark alley.

Suddenly she asked, "You really don't remember the street?"

I was bored with all this, and I didn't hide my annoyance. "All right, you've gotten on familiar terms with me. Fine. But I beg you to drop this strange game you've been playing for two months and which I don't understand. It's wasting our time."

"Where are you going in such a hurry?"

At that moment I saw in the shadow of the street lamp the dark shape of my owl and its brilliant blinking eyes. I stopped. I wanted to show those eyes to my companion, but I knew she wouldn't see anything.

"Where am I going?" I decided to tell her. "Here's where. I have less than a year to live."

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

My words affected her greatly. If I had said anything more she would have burst into tears. She stopped me, stepped in front of me, and cupped my chin in her hands. I saw that her eyes were filled with tears.

"If you are so sure that it's less than a year, why are we deceiving each other?" she whispered.

I started to open my mouth to speak, but she put her fingers over my lips.

"You know it's you, you!"

"Do you think I'm *he*?"

"Don't torture me any more. Remember how you hid from me the first time. What are you punishing me for?"

"But, I'm a different person!" I shouted. "Look, my hair and face are different! But *I* haven't changed. There are no skin graft scars here. That's all me."

"You had no scars the first time. I guessed. I guessed right away. Tell me, when I first came to you with the note and the watch, didn't you suddenly ask yourself: Did she love him? You wanted to know very much. I saw how naïve you were." She burst out laughing. "Do you know how happy that made me?"

"I'm going to leave you soon," I said.

"We'll never part. I'll find you even if you run away from me, get a new face, even change your height."

"I have less than a year to live. That's certain."

"I don't believe it. You'll be saying that for many years."

"You know who said that, and they killed him."

"They didn't kill him! You're clever; you thought it all up. You made up this double. You're clever! They'll never get you!"

"Oh hell, this is stupid."

This cut her off. She laughed. "I won't talk about it. You never liked it. You're nicer than you used to be. You're softer; you smile! You talk well about the work you are doing. I've lost so much time. Why did I let myself play with you like a seventeen-year-old? Do you want me to give you the word you asked for? Yes! Yes! Do you hear? Shout to me that you hear!"

"I hear you," I whispered. I couldn't resist any more. The sliver went over the waterfall. "Whom do

This is the cone of a KLH speaker, ready to leave the mold.
Cones from standard sources are variable, so KLH produces its own
With improved production techniques and a special formula of cotton and wood pulps, asphalt and wool;
Holds each cone to extremely close tolerances in weight and rigidity;
Patiently tests each speaker again and again, throughout production and after assembly, with most precise instruments, many of KLH design;
And confidently offers each KLH loudspeaker system to your judgement.

KLH

KLH RESEARCH AND DEVELOPMENT CORPORATION
30 CROSS STREET, CAMBRIDGE 39, MASSACHUSETTS

Descriptive literature, with the name of your nearest franchised KLH dealer, is available on request.

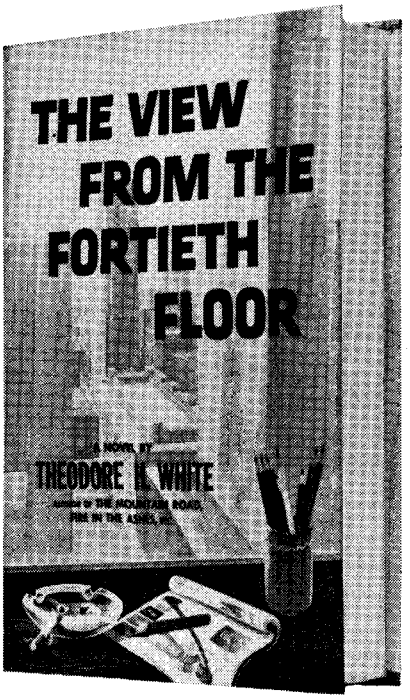
PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Every time you pick up a magazine you will remember...

THE VIEW FROM THE FORTIETH FLOOR

THEODORE H. WHITE

The gripping story of a toppling magazine empire . . . and of one man who learned the responsibilities that power must carry . . .



VANCE PACKARD: "Powerful, absorbing. He has dissected magnificently the commercial factors that brought the collapse of a once-great institution."

HUGH MacLENNAN: "His story-telling powers are stupendous. I can't see how anyone could put it down once he had begun it."

DAVID SCHOENBRUN: "Superb. Maintains interest and enjoyment at a peak throughout."

NATHANIEL BENCHLEY: "It moves toward a really sharp and satisfying climax. An impressive achievement."

Literary Guild Selection for June

At all bookstores, $4.95

WILLIAM SLOANE ASSOCIATES

you love more?" I asked. "The one who is dead or the one who is next to you?"

"This one."

I was loved. I saw her eyes. I had only to move my head to the right and I saw two stars twinkling with tears.

And I took the place of the bandit. From adolescence I passed into maturity.

But the doctor had predicted correctly: five or six months after my meeting with him, I began to feel sick. One bright summer day I had to go to bed. I said guiltily to my love, who was watching silent and perplexed, "You know, dear one, it's hard for me to work. You'll have to take charge by yourself while I stay in bed. Turn on the radio."

She turned it on and suddenly the voice of our dark continent was heard, loudly sometimes and then drowned out in static. They were working there, digging coal and growing cabbages under artificial light.

"We'll have to be more energetic," I said. "We must hurry."

And the boiling bubbles in the glass tubes ran still faster and the fires burned more brightly.

We finished our work on one of the installations in rainy September. I lay in bed and was so weak that I couldn't raise my head.

"Open the first lead cowl," I said.

"An error," I heard her quiet voice. "Here there is only a small reddish piece of coal."

"No, that's not an error," I answered calmly. "That's only a variant. Everything is calculated for the other installations. But this piece of coal can already tell us to . . . Call the boss. Call the crew . . ."

They came in walking on tiptoe, as is proper when one goes to see a sick person. Earlier I hadn't let them see me; and now, coming into my room which had been converted into a laboratory, they stopped at the door and stood and gazed round. They didn't know what to think. Everything surprised them: the walls covered with formulas and the furniture scratched up by a nail—I had written even on it—and the glitter of instruments from which little bubbles of heat went out to them.

Then they saw me. My appearance must have shocked them; they became even quieter. Only the practical joker, who hadn't taken his eyes off my love, whispered something to the boss.

"Give them a report," I said.

And she, like a real scholar, gave them a ten-minute report on our work and showed them the piece of coal that still didn't want to cool off for anything.

This piece of coal surprised everyone, especially the boss. He first came ceremoniously to shake my hand. And all my comrades grew noisy and, vying with each other,

threw themselves toward me and grasped my weak, light hands and began to squeeze them. And I felt my heart jump.

"Starting today, we will put the whole laboratory to work on this."

From that day two of our technicians began to keep watch day and night in my room, and every day they telephoned data to me from the laboratory. Things progressed quickly.

In cold December, in the presence of the boss, my love opened the second cowl.

"Again an error," she said quietly to the boss. "This time it's worse. The piece of coal is quite black."

But I heard them.

"That error was also calculated." I hardly moved my lips. "Continue to work. Faster!"

I had perfect hearing. I heard the boss, covering his mouth with his hand, whisper: "A third will kill him." And he added loudly, "Hmm . . . I suggest that it would be better to carry the third installation to our laboratory. Then we can verify the experiment more quickly and precisely."

"I entrust it to you," I said.

And now I remained alone in the quiet, empty room with my wife. We two—and the owl, which one day contrived to squeeze through the *fortochka* to us, and now dozed on the window sill or roamed under the table, tapping with his beak along the floor. My wife—she really deserved that name—sat by me and we quietly recalled our brief youth.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

On the third or fourth day I felt worse and asked, "Open the window."

"Sweetheart, it's freezing outside. Must I?"

"Open, open," I whispered.

My wife raised the window.

"What's this! Spring in December! On the street it is thawing and the flies have awakened and are banging against the glass."

"Open."

She opened just the *fortochka* at first and then the whole window. A warm spring breeze entered the room and an extraordinarily pleasant and distant music which played over the city, sometimes quietly and sometimes in a great wave. I listened and did not know that it was the sound of telephone wires informing the whole world of man's victory over cold and darkness. From time to time a majestic sound which moved out into the distance united with the sound of the music—this was the sound the airplanes made flying over the city with the first precious load of light to the dark continent. But I did not know this. I was in a bad way. I was so weak I didn't even listen to hear if my friends were coming with good news. And the owl frightened me again. It was going around my bed in some strange state of excitement, flapping its wings. There is nothing worse than having to leave life without completing something needed by man.

THEN I DROPPED OFF to sleep. There was a noise on the stairs, doors banged, hurried footsteps scraped on the floor. But I didn't hear them. I heard only the voice of the doctor, my school friend. "He's still alive!" he said.

He sat down at my bedside and began to unscrew a little lead bulb with trembling hands.

Quickly! quickly! I wanted to shout.

And then I did shout, because my sickness had left me.

A blinding flash quivered in the doctor's hands, filling the whole room with sunlight. I had known this light for a long time—in my dreams; with my eyes closed I had seen it back when I had first set up my equipment. But in that moment I couldn't look at the midget sun's bright light. I got up on shaking legs. My love ran to help me, but I pushed her away and walked around the room by myself. I even stamped my feet. She fell against the wall in disbelief.

"Thank you, Doctor," she whispered.

"For what? He conquered his own death. He found his own cure. It's his light!"

THERE WAS another sound on the staircase, the doors opened, and in burst a crowd of people, some comrades and some others I didn't know. They surrounded me. Someone shook my hand. My boss edged up to me. "So you managed to squeeze out some life after all!" he congratulated me. "In the old days they would have drawn an owl next to your name! You once suggested that the hieroglyph . . . remember?"

"You know, it was true," I said, and I thought, I really did squeeze my time out. I had lived a whole life in one year. And how many more years were before me—an entire ocean of time.

Who should I thank for this? I looked out on the window sill where my owl always used to sit. It wasn't there. But far, far out in the pale blue sky of spring some kind of huge bird was flying toward the horizon, heavily flapping its wings.

The ocean of time sparkled at my feet. I stood on the bank ready to begin my life again, and waves of the future washed over my feet, one after the other, urging me on. Tomorrow I'll swim to the farthest horizon. But I was a little afraid: for a year I had been used to the constant presence of the owl. Could I live without its reminders? Would this mighty ocean carry me into a tiny stream which I wouldn't even be able to cross?

Then I remembered the watch and I grew cold with fear—my watch was making no sound.

I grabbed the watch chain. Of course! It had stopped! It had to be wound every year.

I got out the watch and inserted the key and turned it twenty times. There! Done! It was running. It was running in a New Year.

A glowing work... containing the wisdom of a lifetime; it is entertainment of the highest order

THE LEOPARD

By Giuseppe di Lampedusa

$4.50, now at your bookstore

PANTHEON

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Have You Discovered

DÆDALUS

Journal of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences

The quarterly journal that has become the intellectual community's own forum of ideas. Each issue contains ten to twelve major articles and is built around a single unifying theme.

SPRING 1960 ISSUE, "MASS CULTURE AND MASS MEDIA"

PARTIAL CONTENTS

HANNAH ARENDT: *Society and Culture*

JAMES BALDWIN: *Mass Culture and the Creative Artist*

T. S. ELIOT: *The Influence of Landscape on the Poet*

ERNEST VAN DEN HAAG: *A Dissent from the Consensual Society*

RANDALL JARRELL: *A Sad Heart at the Supermarket*

LEO ROSTEN: *The Intellectual and the Mass Media*

EDWARD SHILS: *Mass Society and Its Culture*

JAMES JOHNSON SWEENEY: *The Artist and the Museum in a Mass Society*

— and other essays by OSCAR HANDLIN, H. STUART HUGHES, STANLEY EDGAR HYMAN, ARTHUR SCHLESINGER, JR. *and* FRANK STANTON

"Among the serious periodicals of general interest in this country, DAEDALUS stands easily at the top."—HENRI PEYRE

DÆDALUS Publication Office
356 Washington Street, Middletown, Conn.

☐ Please enter my subscription to the quarterly *DÆDALUS* as follows:

.....1 yr. $4.50 .....2 yr. $8 .....3 yr. $11.50

☐ Please send only the issue "Mass Culture and Mass Media" @ $1.25.

.....Payment herewith .....Bill me

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

.....R

ZONE ALL YOUR MAIL

20th CENTURY TOUR
Traveling Seminar on Contemporary Politics

Series of summer sessions in Amsterdam, East and West Berlin, Geneva, London, Paris, and Rome. Transatlantic transportation included.

Write N.B.B.S., 29 Broadway, New York 6, N.Y.
Netherlands Office for Foreign Student Relations.

Around the World
Feb. 5 - April 20, 1961

Spain, Greece, Turkey, Egypt, India, Ceylon, Thailand, Hong Kong, Japan. Sightseeing plus conferences with national leaders.

DR. HUBERT HERRING
769 Indian Hill Blvd. Claremont, California

BOOKS

The Mariner's Land Legs

RICHARD ELLMANN

JOSEPH CONRAD: A CRITICAL BIOGRAPHY, by Jocelyn Baines. *McGraw-Hill. $8.50.*

The English have met their most obstinate literary problem in Joseph Conrad, who at crucial moments appears to be a Pole rather than an Englishman. A quarrel between Conrad and the ubiquitous literary agent J. B. Pinker ended with Pinker telling him to speak English if he could. Jocelyn Baines feels quite properly that Conrad can be understood through his Polish accent. He has pursued him to Eastern Europe, to Marseilles, to distant ports, through his struggles with the sea, with England, with his family, with himself. The result is the most complete and satisfying of the Conrad biographies.

In the process of reshaping not only his nationality but his profession, changing sailor into novelist, Conrad changed his past as well. His reminiscences were unreliable, and even his wife was dazzled by his versatility in giving a dozen versions of the same experience. His sense of fact as malleable, and of himself as perhaps not living in reality but hallucinated by it, enabled him to arrive at his famous equation of life and the sea and the dream.

Running counter to this sense of life as a mildly persistent illusion, however, was Conrad's belief in hard work and good conscience. His characters, such as Marlow and Lord Jim, force themselves into assiduity and virtue, as if these were the only refuges from skepticism and unreality. That the refuges were questioned in their turn is made clear by Conrad's concern in his books with failure, and in his life by his outpourings of misery and by his nervous tics. The twenty years that he spent in manful effort at sea must have been filled with doubts about its value, and there is no reason to suppose that his doubts did not extend to his work on land, his writing.

Mr. Baines's biography contains many discoveries. Perhaps the most important is that Conrad's story of being wounded in a duel in Marseilles was not true. The bullet wound was real enough; it was not inflicted by a duelist, however, but by Conrad himself, in an attempt at suicide. Mr. Baines notes the prevalence of suicide in Conrad's characters. It can probably be connected with Conrad's predilection for heroes who are too sorely tried by demands put upon their probity and courage. Mr. Baines is willing to accept Gustave Morf's theory that Conrad felt himself to be a deserter of Poland and of the Polish struggle for independence, and therefore was obsessed by the theme of desertion.

BUT THIS THEORY is not quite adequate. All Mr. Baines's evidence indicates that Conrad left Poland with relief and enthusiasm and that, while he may have been pushed into a position of defense later by Polish criticisms of his change of nationality, he had no compunctions until long after his character was formed. His father, who had suffered greatly for revolutionary activities, was an object lesson to dissuade him from nationalism; and in fact Conrad's politics were anti-revolutionary. There was, it is true, a youthful flirtation with Carlist rebels in Spain, but Carlism was old-fashioned and in any event there is no reason to think that Conrad's convictions were engaged. In England he made known his conservatism with almost indecent haste. If Conrad was not ashamed of leaving Poland, then, but still was ashamed of something, it is likely that he was ashamed of his attempt at suicide. For a man who espoused self-sufficiency so strongly, such self-abandon must have cast a long shadow.

Mr. Baines is bold and convincing in establishing his contention that Conrad wished to make his seafaring career seem deliberate and his writing career accidental. In fact, nothing was more natural for Conrad than to become a writer. His father

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and grandfather, his favorite uncle and favorite aunt, were all writers. Even as a child Conrad predicted he would be a great writer. His letters to relatives were long and literary; and Mr. Baines shows that as early as 1886 (nine years before *Almayer's Folly*) Conrad submitted a story in English for a competition in the magazine *Tit-Bits*. He did not win, but the story dealt in embryo with a favorite later theme: a mate, who is gray and in danger of being thought too old, dyes his hair and deceives the captain. This situation of imposing upon others' credulity is in *Nostromo* and other books, and confirms that Conrad had developed, as acutely as other writers of the time, the notion that personality was what he called a masquerade. It is not surprising to learn that among ships' officers he was dandiacal, just as Lord Jim (whose name, like Conrad's, was distorted) covered his spiritual stains by immaculate overdressing. Nor is it strange that a lush romanticism survives in Conrad's work, as if it were an effort to give voice to the young Conrad before the attempted suicide, a Conrad who was not yet a canny sea dog with a past to live down.

If Mr. Baines's book has any defect, it is that he is not intimate enough with Conrad. He prefers to be somewhat abstract, and painstakingly discusses biographical questions rather than presenting conclusions. The narrative loses speed and directness, and is made intermittent by pauses for criticism at some length of each story and book that Conrad completes. The criticism is usually helpful, especially on Conrad's style, to which Mr. Baines is exceptionally sensitive, but it is not radical enough to be strictly relevant to the portrayal of Conrad's consciousness. Mr. Baines is also needlessly rigorous in excluding detailed reminiscences, especially those by non-Poles. For instance, Conrad's wife described in her biography Conrad's proposal of marriage, his evident agony over having made it, his failure to communicate with her for several days thereafter. Mr. Baines finds her account too picturesque and does not give it; and yet it sounds convincing, is consistent with other testimony, and deserves to be told. In the same way,

The fantastic story—
much of it never told before—
of the men, the policies,
the undercover battles . . . .

AMERICAN COMMUNISM and SOVIET RUSSIA
THE FORMATIVE PERIOD
by Theodore Draper

The authoritative inside history of the American Communist party in the years when all its patterns were being set, revealing at every step how the Comintern in Moscow shaped its policy, helped financially, and made and unmade its leaders. To study this all-important relationship, Theodore Draper had access not only to public records and the memories of "survivors," but also to a rare cache of confidential minutes of the top party committees. As Draper recounts the dramatic episodes that took their direction from Moscow, he makes clear the Russian factional struggles that accompanied Stalin's rise to power and affected the party's policies in the United States. Thumbnail biographies of the leading personalities—such men as Bedacht, Pepper, Gitlow, Wolfe, Browder, Foster, and Lovestone—enliven the fine historical writing and masterly documentation of this absorbing and significant volume.

When Theodore Draper's *The Roots of American Communism* appeared in 1957, under the auspices of the Fund for the Republic, ARTHUR SCHLESINGER in the N. Y. Times called it "the indispensable foundation for any understanding of American Communism." This new volume, closer in time to our own era, is even more revealing and rewarding. $8.50

THE VIKING PRESS • 625 Madison Avenue, New York 22, N. Y.

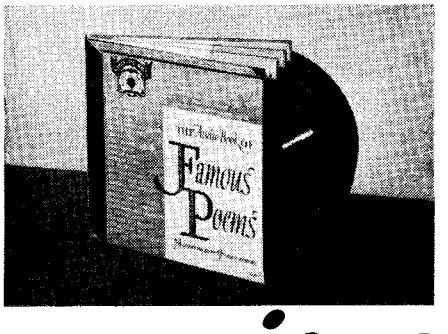
*"New Images in Old China"**

RED CARPET TO CHINA
by
Michael Croft

"Through the magic of this book one can spend an absorbing few hours in that confusing, disturbingly dynamic land of Communist China. Michael Croft has the gift to evoke a scene and give reality to conversation . . . China on display comes most vividly alive."
—MARTIN WILBUR*, *N. Y. Times Book Review.*

$5.00 at your bookstore

ST MARTIN'S PRESS



enjoy

the world's greatest music— in words!*

THE AUDIO BOOK OF FAMOUS POEMS
This thrilling record album contains 74 of the best loved poems masterfully read by *Marvin Miller*. Especially noteworthy is his dramatic interpretation of the immortal "Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam". Your library is incomplete without this magnificent collection!

4 16 RPM RECORDS BEAUTIFULLY PACKAGED—$4.95 AT BETTER BOOK AND MUSIC STORES EVERYWHERE. WRITE FOR CATALOG.

*"*Poetry is music in words; music is poetry in sound . . . " (Fuller)*

AUDIO BOOK COMPANY
St. Joseph, Michigan
"Great Literature in High-Fidelity"

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

By CLINTON ROSSITER

For thinking voters

Parties and Politics in America

REPUBLICAN OR DEMOCRAT? Before you decide, read this concise and invaluable guide to the American political scene.

Here is a decidedly realistic picture of our two main parties – their make-up, how they grew, their accomplishments and failures, how they differ, what we can and should expect from them – what we can't, and why.

Full of fresh and perceptive judgments, this is a lively presentation of the hard facts of our political life by a well-known Cornell University professor who writes with critical affection and admiration. His heartening appraisal of the "glorious stew of American politics" will help every reader make more sense of our unique and disorderly democratic process.

212 pages
Cloth, $2.85
Paperbound, $1.65

Cornell University Press

124 Roberts Place, Ithaca, New York

he buries in odd places or even omits some interesting details: we should like to know why Conrad left the Catholic Church at fourteen.

Mr. Baines is reluctant to summarize Conrad's personality, on the ground that to do so is impossible for a biographer who has not known his subject. We cannot let him off so lightly. Some of the summaries that are given are awkward, as when he says at the end of Conrad's stay in Marseilles: "It is possible to form quite a clear picture of what he was like in character and appearance. . . Characteristics which had already begun to emerge in Poland had blossomed during the four years abroad. Thus he had shown himself irresponsible, undisciplined, inconsiderate, sensitive, highly-strung, passionate, apparently rather susceptible to female attraction, and apparently prone to morbid depression; while his relations with Captain Escarras showed him capable of being fired to loyalty and effort. It is also evident that he had considerable personal charm."

IN A BOOK in which careful honesty is almost an inhibition, Mr. Baines feels he should keep Conrad at a distance. But if Mr. Baines will not go to Conrad, Conrad keeps coming to him, a little strident but gloomily splendid. Whatever remains unspoken, Mr. Baines succeeds admirably in rendering for us Conrad's pertinacity and worth.

Heir to Ruin

SOLOMON F. BLOOM

DR. GOEBBELS: HIS LIFE AND DEATH, by **Roger Manvell and Heinrich Fraenkel.** ***Simon and Schuster. $4.50.***

Among the hierarchs of Nazism, Joseph Goebbels was the only thoroughgoing nihilist. They were all amoralists of an abysmal insensibility, but most of them were bound by some kind of belief, habit, or organizing rule. Heinrich Himmler seriously planned to breed a racial elite. Hermann Goering played the traditional role of the professional soldier of fortune. Adolf Hitler believed in some of his own lies, and he always pictured the future as a settled state of order. Goebbels alone rejected not only the existing Establishment but any Establishment whatsoever. He was all deed and disorder.

The true nihilist is rare, and Goebbels's success tells us much about his time. Less than that of other men can it be explained in the fashionable terms of individual psychology and social origin. Lower middle-class background, a clubfoot, professional frustration, the need for a compensatory approval—these are the springs of his character as depicted by this latest otherwise competent and informative biography by a German and a British writer. Roger Manvell and Heinrich Fraenkel do well to emphasize Goebbels's carping criticism, his "total" radicalism, and his exhibitionism. They put Goebbels down as a man of inordinate egotism, vanity, misanthropy, and craving for power. They write: "The secret of Goebbels is that he must always be loved and admired, a feminine trait in his nature which was so strongly pronounced that he loved only those who openly and emphatically loved him. Hitler was astute enough to discover and exploit this weakness." Then our authors deliver the more or less official modern judgment: Goebbels "never lost his need to assert himself, to compensate for his lack of strength and stature and for the rejection of his talents when he was young."

UNFORTUNATELY for this psychological interpretation, a clubfoot does not always produce talented orators, and frustration is not the best breeding ground of able showmen and publicity men. The Messrs. Manvell and Fraenkel might have given us more information about Goebbels's fertile devices for creating public myths and for dramatizing the promise of Nazism. His talents were more important than his psychology, but even they do not ac-

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

count for his success and his significance. For one thing, they were in the end negated by the mental and moral constriction that was the hallmark of the true Nazi. His doctorate notwithstanding, Goebbels was not a cultivated man, although he was more literate and more nearly rational than any of the other top-flight Nazis. He shared most of their prejudices and he was no more able than they to enter into the feelings of other peoples. His propaganda, so effective at home, fell flat abroad.

Yet the fact remains that in Goebbels's career the man and his time had a fateful meeting. This was due to the distinguishing characteristics of Goebbels: his nihilism and his frenzy. Nihilism may mean many things. It may mean a coherent philosophy of intransigent skepticism. To Turgenev's hero Bazaroff, it was rebellion against all traditional institutions and laws in the name of a passionate devotion to science and to rational principle. Goebbels was bound by no belief or purpose. He seems to the present biographers to have been "for the most part incapable of any true emotion" and bereft of all conviction or principle. In private he could deliver equally persuasive defenses of monarchy and democracy, Communism and Nazism, and not just in fun. He was as isolated from people as he was from ideas. He manipulated men as "useful articles which have to be changed or repaired from time to time." His distrust and suspicion of others, even of his closest associates, were ever awake, and his withering tongue spared nobody, not even the Führer.

Goebbels's spirit was essentially negative. Notice the weight and sequence of the terms of his description of propaganda: "fighting on all the battlefields of the spirit, generating, multiplying, destroying, exterminating, building, and undoing." The empty word was more meaningful to him than the obstinate fact. If the guns of the Allies eventually proved more destructive than propaganda, it was possible to boast of defeat as easily as it was to boast of victory. Goebbels declared at a press conference: "It will be impossible to state in one sentence that a city like Düsseldorf lies in ruins. Special sections of press correspondents will be formed whose duty it will be to

BASIC PAMPHLETS

Around the WORLD in 30 minutes!

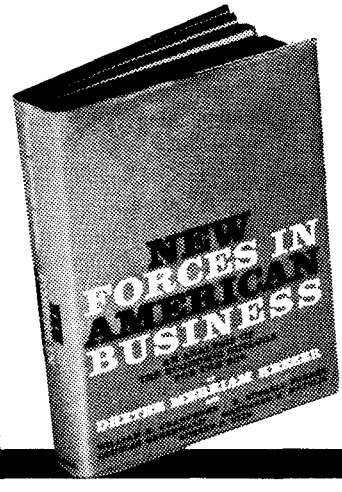
In "My Trip Around the World" CORLISS LAMONT presents a Humanist philosopher's refreshingly unorthodox impressions of the British Labor Party . . . English college gardens . . . Art treasures of Florence and Athens . . . Soviet postwar recovery . . . Tea-time at a Soviet collective farm . . . Cow worship in India . . . Poverty and India's Five-Year Plans . . . Hiroshima: After-effects of the A-bomb . . . World peace and human brotherhood. *(Reading time: 30 minutes.)*

Single copy 10c; 7 copies 50c; 15 copies $1.00; 50 or more, 40% discount.

OTHER BASIC PAMPHLETS BY CORLISS LAMONT, available at same price:

No. 10—The Right to Travel
No. 11—To End Nuclear Bomb Tests (With Margaret Lamont)
No. 12—A Peace Program for the U.S.A.

BASIC PAMPHLETS, Dept. 8
Box 42, Cathedral Station, New York 25, N.Y.



A practical businessman's guide to the 1960's

"Mr. Keezer and his colleagues make a strong bid in this readable and challenging book to turn economics into a joyful science . . . They have an unrivalled knowledge of how businessmen act . . . Their book indeed contains, beside a great deal of expert knowledge lightly worn, a great deal of good common sense."—THE ECONOMIST

NEW FORCES IN AMERICAN BUSINESS

By DEXTER MERRIAM KEEZER AND ASSOCIATES
$4.75, now at your bookstore McGRAW-HILL

BUY U.S. SAVINGS BONDS

Where you work or where you bank

Now paying to maturity 3¾%

EUROPE

We'll see the usual plus Russia, Scandinavia, Yugoslavia & N. Africa. A different trip—for the young in spirit who don't want to be herded around. Also shorter trips. Budget priced.

EUROPE SUMMER TOURS
255 Sequoia, Box R Pasadena, California

JOBS ABROAD

For teachers, writers, librarians, translators, stenographers and administrators. Top salaries paid by American and foreign companies, governmental and international organizations. How, when and where to apply, $1.00. Included free, "Student Opportunities Abroad." M. Dorf, Box 1415-R, Philadelphia 5, Pennsylvania.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Thirty Thousand Miles With John Heckewelder

by Paul A. W. Wallace

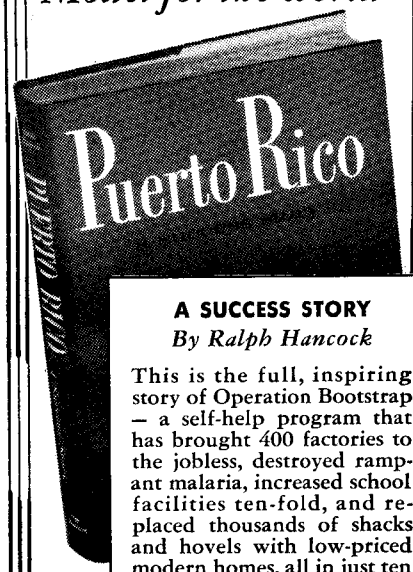
Heckewelder, the great Moravian missionary, lived among the Indians for almost sixty years, 1754-1813, and has no superior as a reporter of Indian life.

Dr. Wallace has carefully selected, arranged, and in some cases translated, original manuscripts, journals, and printed works, to produce a graphic picture of Indian-white relations. Here, as a continuous narrative, is presented an engrossing story of Heckewelder's travels, adventures, and life among the Indians.

448 pp., illus.,
Maps, index, glossary $7.50

University of Pittsburgh Press
Pittsburgh 13, Pa.

Model for the world—



A SUCCESS STORY
By Ralph Hancock

This is the full, inspiring story of Operation Bootstrap — a self-help program that has brought 400 factories to the jobless, destroyed rampant malaria, increased school facilities ten-fold, and replaced thousands of shacks and hovels with low-priced modern homes, all in just ten years. It is the story, too, of a people who *could* look back with pride, but who prefer to look ahead with vigor toward goals still unachieved.
$5.00

At your bookstore

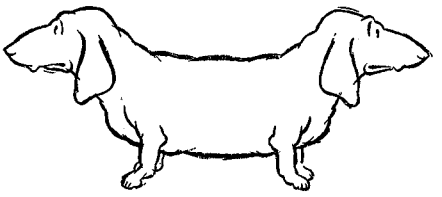
D. VAN NOSTRAND COMPANY, INC.
Princeton, New Jersey

glorify the events of night bombing in the style of battlefield reports and present them in a mystical light."

NOR WAS THIS mere irony: Goebbels really believed in propaganda. In the end, as in the beginning, was the gesture. To complete the final gesture, and to make it appear credible, he insisted on taking his wife and six children with him when he killed himself in fealty to Hitler. "In doing this," Goebbels wrote in his testament, "I believe that I am doing the best service I can to the future of the German people. In the hard times to come, examples will be more important than men. Men will always be found to lead the nation forward into freedom; but a reconstruction of our national life would be impossible unless developed on the basis of clear and obvious examples." The macabre Götterdämmerung of the Berlin chancellery bunker was Goebbels's last propaganda stroke, and, true to his histrionic instinct, he stole the scene by outdoing his master in the enormity of his "sacrifice."

It was nevertheless his nihilism and not his histrionic posture that accounts for Goebbels's politics. This explains his intransigence and radicalism, always greater than Hitler's. Of the Nazi leaders, Goebbels was the most extreme advocate—indeed the only serious one—of "total" war. Himmler was inhibited by the interests of the private army and bureaucracy that he was forging into a "state within a state." Hitler was bound by the principle of his sultanate, which required him to leave enough autonomy to his "pashas" to quarrel among each other and thus secure his automatic supremacy. Goering was obsessed by pleasure as usual. Goebbels alone was sufficiently free from all commitments to contemplate a central will and purpose that would override all rules, institutions, and functions. Goebbels advised Hitler to abandon all forms of law and justice and to punish, even with death, anyone who offended what he phrased broadly and vaguely as "the commonly known principles of National Socialist leadership." He agreed with Hitler that a defeated Germany deserved to be destroyed. But while Hitler condemned his country to death because it had not proved worthy of him and his "ideals," Goebbels savored destruction as a positive good, and not only for the Germans: "In the past, private possessions led us to a bourgeois restraint. Now the bombs, instead of killing all Europeans, have only smashed the prison walls which held them captive. . . . In trying to destroy Europe's future, the enemy has only succeeded in smashing its past; and with that, everything old and outworn has gone."

IF THE CHARACTER was destructive and nihilistic, the personality was frenetic. His biographers describe Goebbels's "almost pathological" restlessness. His assistant, Rudolf Semmler, felt there was "something sinister" about Goebbels's incessant activity. Goebbels became "anxious



. . . if he were not constantly receiving messages and urgent phone calls or called upon to make some rapid decision." In his 1937 diary, *Vom Kaiserhof zur Reichskanzlei,* Goebbels remarked that he could not "any longer imagine life unless it had a wild and driving tempo."

Was it not his frenzy and his nihilism that enabled Goebbels to sniff so unerringly the fragility of the Weimar régime and to do so much to disintegrate its public life and the order of its streets and meeting places? That disintegration was indeed his distinctive contribution. While Goebbels tore down, Hitler was playing the more classic and ancient game of power. It was this difference, and not his craving for affection or recognition, that doomed Goebbels to a dependent role and bound him indefeasibly to his master. It was symbolic of his fate that he should attain the pinnacle of his ambition and become, by Hitler's testament, chancellor of the Reich when the Reich was no more and he had but one day left to live.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Venice Repopulated

GOUVERNEUR PAULDING

VENETIAN RED, by P. M. Pasinetti. *Random. $4.95.*

The Venetian countess whose citadel is invested and conquered in a gondola by the otherwise unsuccessful American officer of Hemingway's *Across the River and into the Trees* is hardly a serviceable introduction to Venetian society. Nor does Thomas Mann's forlorn hero in *Death in Venice* indicate that this loveliest of cities might contain something other than gondoliers, the odor of decay, and works of art. Until Antonio Barolini's short stories (reviewed in the February 18 *Reporter*) and now P. M. Pasinetti's fine novel, the American reader was not shown any civilized, upper-middle-class Venetians. He could repopulate Venice with these missing citizens only in his mind, only through the dull process of sociological reasoning which told him that they must be there; he could give them no faces, for sociological reasoning provides no key to personal drama.

THE PARTIBONS, a family of artists and intellectuals that is given life and haunting reality in *Venetian Red,* were inevitably recalcitrant to Fascism from the very start, before the more obvious crimes, before any compelling premonitions of disaster, for simple reasons of personal dignity. The Fassola family of lawyers and politicians just as inevitably was attracted to the régime through its desire for money and power. But the striking originality of the novel comes from the fact that the Fassolas are also attracted to the Partibons, "all those people who are destined to sink." The conflict is not simply between the anti-Fascist Partibons and the Fascist Fassolas; it springs from the immense appeal that the noble mind, with its intransigent individuality, makes on those who would like to pursue power alone. That is why this book, anti-Fascist in the only way that counts, in its calm assumption that the superior values of creativity and love must of course triumph, is never even remotely a political tract, and why, ending as it does with the outbreak of the Second World War, it is not in the least dated. This is a timeless story of human beings, exposed to a specific poison, Fascism, but reacting, as individuals must, to the timeless pressures of ambition, contempt, passion, and loss.

Venetian Red is a novel on the grand scale: three generations of Partibons and Fassolas are involved in its action; the scene shifts from Venice (the sound of a ship laden with lumber from Dalmatia straining at its mooring rope), to Rome ("new streets, and square brick-colored buildings with white decorations and stylized eagles"), to Germany (Jews painting their names on shops; then the mobs smashing the shops), and back to the Veneto countryside. But it is within Venice itself and in the lives of Giorgio and Elena Partibon, Enrico and Massimo Fassola, and young Ruggero Tava that the coming agony of Europe is reflected. At moments of crisis it is the young who count, for it is they who survive or are destroyed. The young Fascist pilot Massimo crashes in a test flight; the young Fascist Enrico loses his Fascist faith; the young Ruggero is drafted and dies in the first days of the Fascist stab in France's back.

Elena carries his child, just as her country cousin, trusting in God, carries Massimo's. Both are illegitimate. In Mr. Pasinetti's mind both represent the triumph of love over all circumstance. The family, he thinks, is no conventional unit established once for all by legal documentary evidence; the family is what the individual conscience, overriding all obstacles, wants it to be. Individual loves create the family from memories and hopes regardless of marriage, nationality, or creed. A good family excludes only, in any era, such baser lusts as for a brief moment dominated but never crushed the Italian nation.

As evidence of this author's fastidious taste, a name that literature associates with that of Ezra Pound is never once pronounced.

A
Non-Communist
Manifesto

THE STAGES OF ECONOMIC GROWTH

by W. W. ROSTOW

Karl Marx asked some pretty good questions, but came up with wrong answers. Rostow gives the five stages that nations must go through, from the traditional, through "take-off" to high mass consumption. He shows how this must affect the U.S.A., the U.S.S.R., and the problem of peace.

"The most stimulating contribution to political and economic discussion made by any academic economist since the war."
—The Economist

Cloth $3.75 • Paper $1.45

CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY PRESS

One of the last of the hard-hitting big-city editors,

JAMES A. WECHSLER,

lashes out at this age of unthink, know-nothing, and "muddle-of-the-road" politics . . . and shows, explicitly, what you can do to change it.

REFLECTIONS OF AN ANGRY MIDDLE-AGED EDITOR
By James A. Wechsler
Editor of the New York Post
$3.95, now at your bookstore
RANDOM HOUSE

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A Challenge to Cigar Smokers

—become a regular smoker of fine Surrey cigars. To increase our list of regular customers we make you this outstanding offer. Every man who smokes blended Havana cigars will say this offer can't be beat.

Both Humidor and Cigars less than the value of the humidor alone.

FREE—Your initials in Gold!

50 HAVANA PALMAS CIGARS
Full length, choice tobacco. Guaranteed to satisfy or your money back....Tax Paid Price **$10.00**

DELUXE CIGAR HUMIDOR
10¼ x 8 x 4¼. Holds 50 cigars, Spanish cedar lining. Milk Glass top, full length humidifier. Value **$12.00**

TOTAL VALUE OF OFFER $22.00

OUR PRICE $9.95 add $1.00 shipping charge.

New York State Residents add 15% State Tax.

JOHN SURREY, Ltd., Dept. R-2
11 West 32nd St., New York 1, N. Y.

Send me ..... humidor sets
Enclosed $..... Initials.....
NAME.....
ADDRESS.....
CITY.....STATE.....

Solution to

THE REPORTER

Puzzle #8

S	U	B	M	I	T	T	I	N	G	■	■	L	■	R
■	R	■	A	■	R	■	R	■	A	■	K	I	L	O
N	A	T	U	R	A	L	I	S	T	■	■	Q	■	S
■	L	■	S	■	D	■	S	■	O	B	T	U	S	E
■	■	■	E	■	E	T	H	E	R	■	■	I	■	M
M	T	R	R	H	■	H	■	U	■	I	N	D	I	A
E	■	E	■	O	V	E	R	R	U	N	■	A	■	D
R	O	P	E	S	■	R	■	A	■	A	C	T	E	D
I	■	U	■	T	R	E	A	S	O	N	■	O	■	E
D	A	T	E	S	■	S	■	I	■	E	R	R	O	R
I	■	A	■	■	N	A	V	A	L	■	I	■	■	■
O	P	T	I	M	O	■	E	■	E	■	M	■	A	■
N	■	I	■	■	O	P	E	R	A	T	I	O	N	S
A	G	O	G	■	S	■	R	■	R	■	N	■	I	■
L	■	N	■	■	E	S	S	E	N	T	I	A	L	S

Acrostician—

ARLEIGH A. BURKE

RECORD NOTES

DVORAK: REQUIEM. Soloists; Czech Philharmonic Orchestra and Chorus, Karel Ancerl, cond. (*Deutsche Grammophon*, 2 records; mono or stereo.)

The Dvorak Requiem, here given its first recording, is a drear and pasty composition with all the sublimity of a well-upholstered funeral home. When Dvorak neglects to be solemn—as in the vernal, sweetly flavored Recordare—a glimmer of light breaks through the murk and the composer can be heard speaking in the charming accents of his Fourth Symphony; but the pall returns all too quickly, and one ends echoing the indictment of Bernard Shaw, who mockingly admired "the perseverance with which Dvorak has cut all those dead strips of notes into lengths, nailed and glued them into a single structure, and titivated it for the melancholy occasion with the latest mortuary orchestral decorations." The recording, made in Prague by German engineers, is neither particularly well defined nor satisfactorily balanced.

BERLIOZ: REQUIEM. Leopold Simoneau, tenor; Boston Symphony and New England Conservatory Chorus, Charles Munch, cond. (*RCA Victor*, 2 records; mono or stereo.)

One had begun to wonder whether Berlioz's *Grande Messe des Morts* was all it once seemed. The work first became familiar here via records made in Paris during the German occupation. Though dim and gritty in sound, they managed to convey music of seraphic beauty and bold imagination quite free of cliché or tiresome black crepe. Later, this wartime recording conducted by Jean Fournet was succeeded by more up-to-date versions under the direction of Theodore Hollenbach, Fritz Mahler, and Hermann Scherchen. It was then that doubts began to assail the faithful. As each new recording appeared, the Berlioz Requiem seemed less and less attractive; its sinuous melodies no longer soared, its harmonic audacities turned sour, its rhetoric fell flat.

The fault, it now becomes evident, lay not with Berlioz but with his interpreters. This fifth recording of the Requiem, made in Boston last year, reawakens all the rapture occasioned by the first. Charles Munch understands what this music is all about; he knows how to make the long lines sing and how to make the crack of doom explode with eloquent conviction. Furthermore, he enjoys the collaboration of some greatly talented and long-rehearsed executants.

That is not all. In its stereo version (I have not heard the mono) the recording comes closer to realizing the full glorious impact of massed choral and orchestral forces than anything that has yet come my way. The sound is open and clear and alive, and it stays that way without ever once spreading into a fuzzy blur. A triumph for Munch, the musicians of Boston, and the engineers employed by RCA Victor.

MILHAUD: THE FOUR SEASONS. Ensemble de Solistes des Concerts Lamoureux, Darius Milhaud, cond. (*Epic*; mono or stereo.)

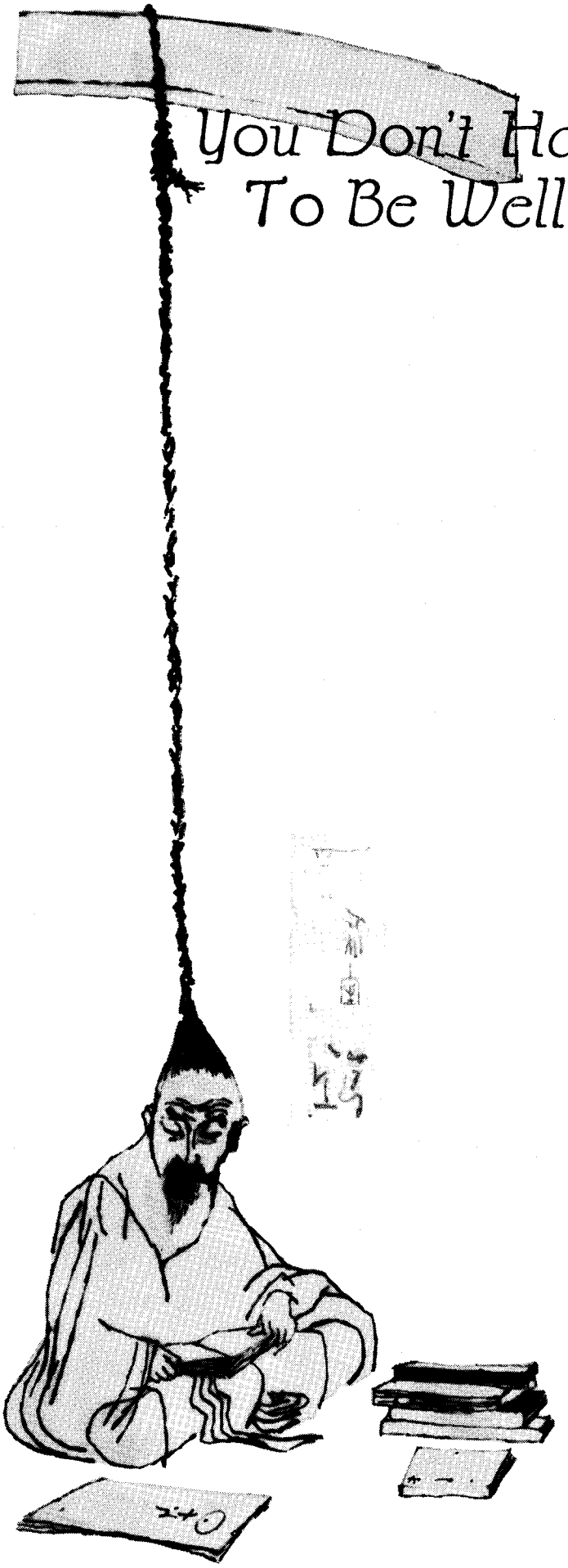
Darius Milhaud and Antonio Vivaldi are both notable for having written vast quantities of take-it-or-leave-it music—tuneful, piquantly scored, immediately accessible works having no pretensions to great profundity of thought or emotion—and it is altogether fitting that the contemporary Frenchman should have followed his Italian predecessor in confecting an instrumental evocation of spring, summer, autumn, and winter.

At the risk of scandalizing the *settocento* buffs, I shall admit to

finding Milhaud's seasonal salad more tasty than Vivaldi's. The best of it comes first—the "*Concertino de Printemps*," written in 1934, a dazzling exercise in Milhaud's crisp, bittersweet, joyfully bouncy style. The other three movements date from the past decade. Summer finds the composer meandering rather aimlessly, but he is back in fine creative form for autumn and winter. The recording, well performed and engineered, provides a lovely panorama of Milhaud's minor but agreeable talents.

—ROLAND GELATT

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



You Don't Have to Suffer To Be Well-Informed!

THE GREAT Chinese scholar Sun Ching used to tie his pigtail to a ceiling beam to prevent himself from dozing over his books.

REPORTER readers need no such precautions—for though the letters we receive show that thousands of people (among them scholars) *dote* on THE REPORTER, we've never heard of any dozing over it.

In fact, many of our readers write that for the first time they find that keeping up with world affairs is not a chore, but a fascinating adventure—full of events and ideas, people and places, actions and emotions.

THE REPORTER is more rewarding reading because it doesn't simply *accept* the news as it appears—it digs up the missing pieces. It raises the important questions and runs down the answers. And in following events to their logical conclusion, in insisting on publishing the *full story*, THE REPORTER has uncovered so much original information that it has already won eighteen top journalistic awards.

When you read THE REPORTER, you get a clear sense of the *continuity* of events. Each issue fills in your world picture more fully—adding depth, detail and color as the news unfolds. That's why it's so important to read THE REPORTER *regularly*.

To make it easier for you to enjoy THE REPORTER every fortnight, we're offering a special introductory rate to new subscribers. You can follow *all* the significant news for less than a penny and a half a day.

The next 18 issues will cost you only $3.27

And you may take advantage of this introductory rate to send subscriptions to your friends, too. Your subscription—or theirs—will begin as soon as we receive your order, so why not mail the reply card opposite right now?

You needn't send any money. We'll be glad to bill you later, if you like.

Regular rates: 1 year $6, 2 years $9.50, 3 years $12
Add $1 per year for foreign postage

THE REPORTER

660 Madison Ave., New York 21, N. Y.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PRECIOUS JEWELS, FURS, AND OTHER ACCESSORIES FROM NEIMAN-MARCUS

It's a promise fulfilled . . . for a luxurious after-dinner adventure, there's nothing like a dram of Drambuie. Made with a base of finest Scotch whisky, Drambuie is truly a whiff of the heather, with exquisite aroma and unique dry flavour. Drambuie was the personal liqueur of Prince Charles Edward and has been made in Scotland since 1745 from Bonnie Prince Charlie's secret recipe.

80 PROOF

after dinner—a Dram of **Drambuie**

The cordial with the Scotch whisky base

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

IMPORTED BY W. A. TAYLOR & COMPANY, NEW YORK, N.Y. — SOLE DISTRIBUTORS FOR THE U.S.A.